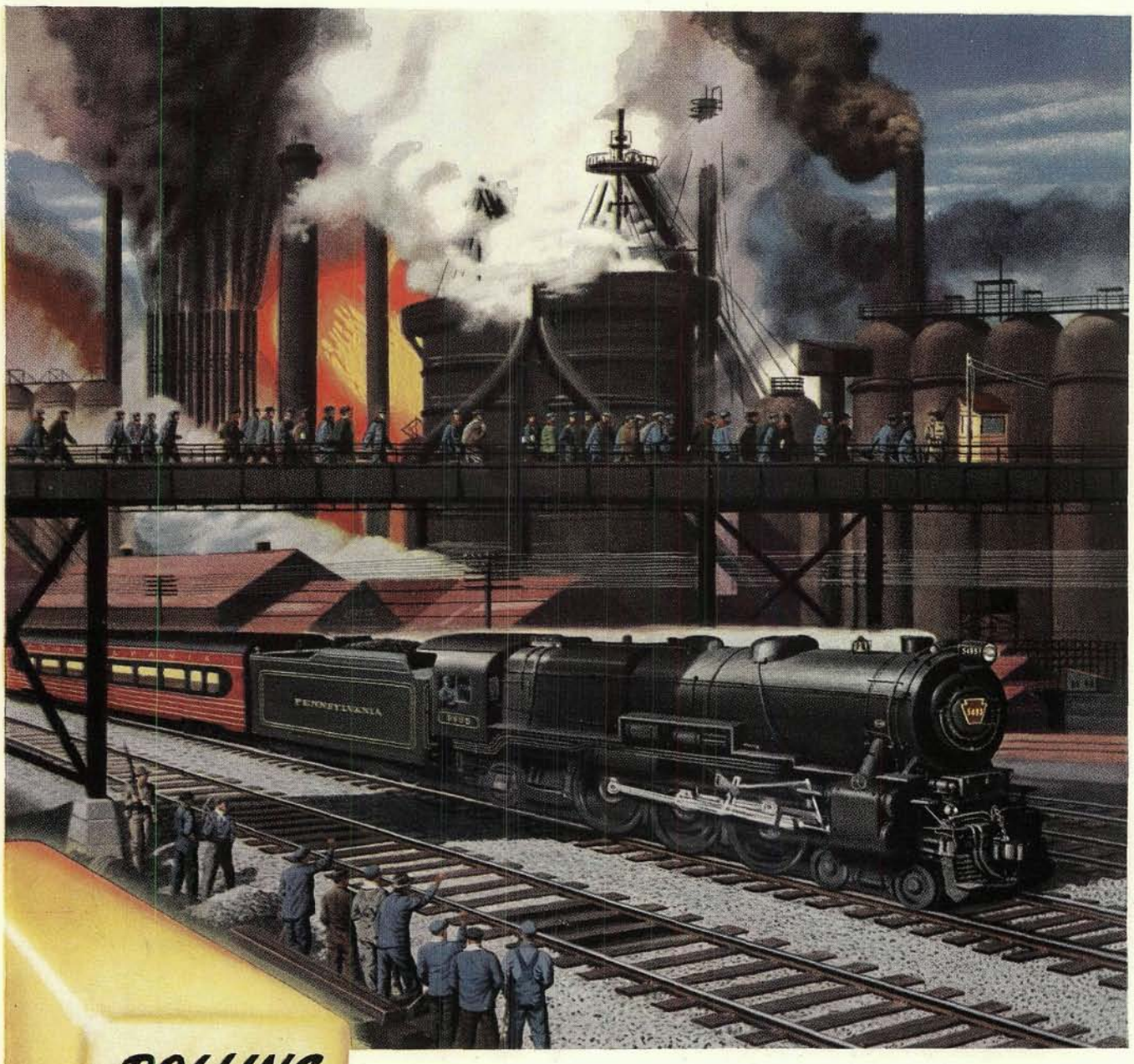
July 11, 1942 THE NEW YORKER Price 15 cents

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ROLLING TO VICTORY

IN MILL.. ON RAIL!

UPON STEEL the nation depends for its guns, tanks, ships, plane engines.

Upon railroads steel depends for its raw materials and the movement of finished products.

Steel production is at one of its highest points in history. Railroads are making records for tonnages carried. So the men who make the steel and the men who move it are coming through in true American fashion.

Pennsylvania Railroad is proud of its part in this program. Yet speeding war output is only part of our wartime job. Our passenger facilities must also move troops and business men engaged in wartime production. So demands on all of our equipment are extremely heavy.

To the best of our ability, we shall continue to provide fast, dependable travel for everyone. But should you occasionally encounter any inconvenience, please remember our main efforts are—and must be—dedicated to the cause of Victory.

DEPENDABLE PASSENGER SERVICE
Pennsylvania Railroad operates a fleet of daily trains serving New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland, Baltimore, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Washington, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Louisville, Columbus, Toledo, Akron, Dayton and many other cities.

BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

Pennsylvania Railroad

SERVING THE NATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Every time we go up out of the subway, there's Macy's again!"

Partial though New Yorkers are to Macy's, they *do* want to visit other points of interest once in a while. And when they set out to view Alice of the Bronx Zoo, or the Central Park pelicans, we can sympathize with their ferocity on forever winding up at New York's Most Popular Store. It's true 4 subways, not to mention numerous city and suburban bus lines and railroads, land their passengers practically in our lap, but that's no reason for us to try and be all things to all people. We can't take the place of Grant's Tomb, and we know it.

Though we *have* been a sightseers' as well as a customers' Paradise for decades, we're in business to sell good things cheap, not just look pretty and act friendly. Of course we like to give the folks a good time, but our mission in life is to give them so much for their cash, they'd rather shop here than anywhere else under the sun. And nowadays, when war and taxes make *everyone* feel the urge to save, it's more than ever Macy's job to see that 94 cents does the work of a dollar.

Incidentally, we don't believe it's all accident when the whole family comes to Macy's repeatedly. Father may think the subways are in cahoots with us (and we appreciate their cooperation), but we suspect the Little Woman slyly maneuvers him to Macy's, in order to expose him to bargains the family needs, at prices he can afford to pay.

Now more than ever, it's smart to be thrifty. macy's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 9, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 18.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Vincent Price, Judith Evelyn, and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Jean Adair, Laura Hope Crews, and Erich von Stroheim, is one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's effervescent comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the season's best foreign play. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. Frances Starr, Dorothy McGuire, and Donald Cook are fine for two acts but become a little lost, along with the author, toward the end. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Junior Miss—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls. Among the adults are Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—How things were on Madison Avenue in the eighteen-eighties. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother in this very attractive stage version of the late Clarence Day's book. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—A fine, dizzy comedy of two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, who discover that Greenwich Village life is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's stories have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. With Shirley Booth. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Uncle Harry—A pretty melodrama about a murderer who tries to confess but can't get anybody to believe him. Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye may possibly convince you against your better judgment. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

By Jupiter—Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, Ray Bolger, and many other talented people have collaborated on this musical version of "The Warrior's Husband." One of the pleasantest events of the season. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Laugh, Town, Laugh—Ed Wynn's potpourri of singers, dancers, and badminton players, supervised by the master himself. Among the special attractions are Jane Froman, Carmen Amaya, and Smith & Dale. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. through Sun.; extra Mat. Sun. at 5:30.)

Let's Face It!—When it isn't being cute, this comedy about three restless matrons and their military escorts is extremely handsome and satisfactory. Danny Kaye heads the cast and Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Closes Sat., July 18.)

Porgy and Bess—Catfish Row resurrected, and about time, too. Most of the original cast, including Todd Duncan and Georgette Harvey, are in this superb revival of the Gershwin-Heyward folk opera. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Priorities of 1942—A vaudeville show that should appeal to the old enthusiasts. On this week's bill: Lou Holtz, Willie Howard, Paul Draper, Phil Baker, Hazel Scott, and the best trained-dog act in history. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., Thurs., Sat., and Sun.; extra Mat. Sun. at 5:30.)

Sons o' Fun—This blood brother to "Hellz-a-Poppin" cost more, but it is just as strange. The current Olsen and Johnson brain storm contains Frank Libuse and Joe Besser. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

Star and Garter—Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee in a strange mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it. Rough but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

This Is the Army—A magnificent successor to "Yip, Yip, Yaphank," with music and lyrics by Irving Berlin. Ezra Stone directed the all-service cast, which includes several young actors you've seen from time to time. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

MISCELLANY

Stars on Ice—An ice show, with a cast which includes performers who appeared in "It Happens on Ice." Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Operettas—"The Chocolate Soldier," with Helen Gleason and Allan Jones, through Sun., July 12; "The Merry Widow," with Helen Gleason, starting Tues., July 14. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Yours, A. Lincoln—Vincent Price, Mary Michael, and others in a play by Paul Horgan, produced by the Experimental Theatre; Actors' Fund and Stage Relief Fund benefit: Sun. Eve., July 12, at 8:30. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild in "The Mikado," Thurs., Sat., and Sun. Eves., July 9, 11, and 12, and 16, 18, and 19, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them have fill-in performers or are closed altogether on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A pleasant warm-weather spot, with music by Jules Lande's orchestra, which also plays for tea dancing.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—There's an ice show, with Hazel Franklin and the Heasley Twins, in the Fountain Room. Music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Well thought of by fugitives from swing, including a large number of conservative undergraduates. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Monte Carlo Beach, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Sonny Kendis's orchestra, a rumba band, and almost no sand. Felix Ferry is in charge. Tea dancing during the week.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Stanley Melba's orchestra is currently playing for tea and supper dancing in the Café Pierre.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—The altitude seems to have no ill effect on Charles Weidman and his dancers, who head the show. Music by Carmen Cavallaro's orches-

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
BOOKS	48
THE CURRENT CINEMA	44
HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS	46
LETTER FROM LONDON	28
MUSICAL EVENTS:	
CONCERT RECORDS	35
NOTES ON SPORTS	33
OF ALL THINGS	30
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
ABOUT THE HOUSE	37
MARKETS AND MENUS	39
THE RACE TRACK	41
THE THEATRE	26

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, secretary and treasurer; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XVIII, No. 21, July 11, 1942. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1942, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Canada, $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Other Foreign, $8.00.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tra. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra plays in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Paul Sparr's orchestra provides music for dancing on the Viennese Roof.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Jean Sablon and Ray Benson's orchestra will be replaced in the Café Lounge by Larry Adler and Roy Ross's orchestra on Fri., July 10. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Filled with the better-looking uniforms. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band. Ernie Holst's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The lofty Starlight Roof has music and incidental entertainment by Xavier Cugat's orchestra. Mischa Borr is around, too, at the supper hour.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself, singing those songs, is the mainstay here. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): the life Parisian is depicted mainly in the murals, but there's also Adelaide Moffet and a small show. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and other people play gin rummy in this big, low-ceilinged, softly lighted room. . . . **TONY'S,** 59 W. 52 (PL 5-0170): gin rummy here, too, as well as piano-playing by Cy Walter. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of Central Park should make you feel clandestine.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an easygoing kind of spot, with Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and everything nice and cozy. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and straightforward, with Emil Coleman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show headed by Walter O'Keefe. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a swing place, with Hazel Scott, Kenneth Spencer, Joe Sullivan's trio, and Eddie South's band; Zero Mostel is there, too. . . . **ASTOR ROOF,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Alvino Rey's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Richard Himber's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra will be replaced by Glen Gray's on Mon., July 13. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Walter Perner's orchestra. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a mite of a dance floor and Sande Williams' orchestra. . . . **BOSSERT MARINE ROOF,** Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): quite a trip, maybe, but the view of the dimmed-out waterfront is fine. Nye Mayhew's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of. No dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for folk songs by Huddie Ledbetter and others. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

•

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **LATIN QUARTER,** B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the Folies-Bergère crossed with Loew's State in a revue that's colossal at least. . . . **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): South Americana, Jack Harris's new orchestra, a rumba band, and a small show. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with a rumba band and a show. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers' humor isn't on the delicate side, but nobody seems to mind. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Betty Compson, Gilda Gray, and Carlyle Blackwell.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): some of the best musical talent in Greenwich, or any other, Village, including Ammons and Johnson and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Pee Wee Russell at the head of a shifting personnel. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): as unpretentious as its name, with Red Allen's band. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away with his trio.

AL-FRESCO—At the **CLAREMONT INN,** Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600): Joe Ricardel's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53 (CI 5-8900): lunch and tea are served in the garden. . . . Some Village places with sidewalk cafés which you might care to drop into if you're down that way: the **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8; the **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,** 5 Ave. at 9; and **LONGCHAMPS,** 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

BRITISH—New works by John Piper, John Tunnard, and other contemporary artists: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., July 17.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern P'kway—Comprehensive showing of masks, carvings, textiles, etc., from the East Indies and other Pacific Ocean islands. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 20.

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70—An exhibition of recent acquisitions, including works by Monet and Blake, together with a part of the permanent collection of drawings and prints not shown before. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.

GROUPS—At the **WAKEFIELD,** 64 E. 55: oils, gouaches, and drawings by Ernst, Zadkine, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., July 15. . . . **REHN,** 683 5 Ave., at 54: works by Burchfield, Picken, Hopper, and others, in this gallery's annual end-of-the-season show. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: recent works by Schnakenberg, Guy Pène du Bois, Bouché, Cowles, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 28. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57: paintings by Menkes and Jacobi, among others, and a few sculptures, including some by De Creeft. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 30. . . . **KLEEMANN,** 38 E. 57: Brockman, Bosa, Higgins, and others of this gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by Hartley, De Martini, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 28. . . . **A.C.A.,** 26 W. 8: large and lively collection of paintings, with some by Evergood and Gwathmey as the highlights. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Tues., July 14. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57: paintings by Souto, Thoeny, De Botton, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: paintings, sculptures, and water colors by Peirce, Bishop, Cadmus, Harkavy, and other members of the gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31.

KLEE—A set of water colors never shown here before, plus several paintings: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., July 18.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Some special exhibits: drawings, mostly in color, of textiles, furniture, glass, and ceramics in the Museum's American collection, from the Index of American Design (through Sept. 15); also, posters of the eighteen-nineties, from the Museum's permanent collection (through Sept. 30). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSEUM OF LIVING ART, 100 Washington Sq. E.—Works by Jean Hélion, Carl Holty, Vaclav Vytlacil, and at least twenty other abstract artists. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 8 P.M.; through the summer.

HERE AND THERE—At the **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64: paintings by Carlos de la Torre and drawings by Ramon Gomez Cornet. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 17. . . . **CLAY CLUB,** 4 W. 8: sculptures by artists in the armed services. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **BUCHHOLZ,** 32 E. 57: oils, water colors, and sculptures by Braque, Flannagan, Gris, Knaths, Léger, and other American and European artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 10.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony—Dixon conducting, through Fri. Eve., July 10; Smallens conducting, Sat. through Wed. Eves., July 11-15; Kurtz conducting, Thurs. through Sat. Eves., July 16-18. Soloists: Robeson, July 11; Huberman, July 13; Cori-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

gliano, July 15; Anderson, July 16; William Kapell, July 18. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. AU 3-3400. Fri. Eves. at 8; other Eves. at 8:30. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. Program details and last-minute plans in case of rain will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M., over WNYC.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Central Park Mall, Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 8:30.... Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. at 8:30.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. St. Louis, Thurs. and Fri. Afts., July 9-10, at 3, and Sat. Aft., July 11, at 2:30; Yankees vs. Detroit, Sun. Aft., July 12 (doubleheader), at 2, and Mon. and Tues. Afts., July 13-14, at 3; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Wed. through Fri. Afts., July 15-17, at 3; Yankees vs. Chicago, Sat. Aft., July 18, at 2:30.

GOLF—Women's New York State Championship, Lake Placid Club, Lake Placid, daily through Sat., July 11.... New Jersey Open Championship, Yountakah C.C., Nutley, Sat. and Sun., July 11-12.... Invitation Tournament, Apawamis Club, Rye, Sat. and Sun., July 18-19.

RACING—Weekdays at Empire City, at 2:30 P.M.; through July 25. (The Empire City Handicap, July 11.) Frequent trains will leave Grand Central on Sat. between 11:35 A.M. and 1:42 P.M., and on other weekdays at 11:35 A.M. and 12:32 and 1:35 P.M.

TENNIS—Eastern Clay Court Championships, Jackson Heights T.C., Jackson Heights, Sat., July 11, through Sun., July 19, at about 10:30 A.M.... Eastern Junior Championships, West Side T.C., Forest Hills, Mon. through Fri., July 13-17, at about 10:30 A.M.

TROTTING—Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, Afts. at 5:30, starting Mon., July 13; Army Emergency Relief benefit on the opening day.

YACHTING—Championship races on the Sound: Indian Harbor Y.C., Sun. Aft., July 12, at 1.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: a collection of photographs, selected by Edward Steichen, showing this nation at war. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 20.... MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 6 Ave. at 49: films and models touching on home defense, along with many other aspects of warfare. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through the summer.

FIRE-FIGHTING IN REVIEW—An exhibition described as tracing the history of the city's Fire Department "from leather bucket to stirrup pump," which includes actual pieces of equipment as well as models, old and new: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

FASHION EXHIBITION—Twenty-eight up-to-date versions, by Monteil, Rosenstein, Valentina, and other American designers, of costumes portrayed in the Metropolitan Museum's collection of Renaissance art: at the Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through July 31.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 9, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 18.

ON THE AIR—Stadium Concerts, Philharmonic-Symphony, Fri. Eves. at 8, WABC, and Sun. and Wed. Eves. at 8:30, WNYC.... Racing: the Empire City Handicap, Sat. Aft., July 11, at 4:30, WABC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30, WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. Afts. at 5:45, WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Thurs. and Mon. Eves. at 10, WOR; Wythe Williams, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WHN.... News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, WINS; Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, and Sun. Eves. at 6 and 8, WABC; Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15, WEAF; and Sun. Eves. at 7, WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

IN THIS OUR LIFE—A Southern family and its problem daughter, according to Ellen Glasgow and Bette Davis, with Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan among those assisting in the study. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Wed., July 15.... Beacon, B'way at 75; Fri. through Tues., July 10-14.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Thurs., July 10-16.... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., July 11-13.... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Tues. and Wed., July 14-15.)

KINGS ROW—An outspoken and well-acted story of some very odd goings on in a small town in the nineties. With Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Judith Anderson, Ronald Reagan, Claude Rains, and Charles Coburn. (77th Street, B'way at 77; Mon. through Wed., July 13-15.)

THE MALE ANIMAL—Olivia de Havilland and Henry Fonda in the Thurber-Nugent comedy of life on the campus at the height of the football season. Faculty and alumni complications are especially featured. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., July 10-12.... Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Mon. through Wed., July 13-15.)

MRS. MINIVER—Running well over two hours and abundant in incident and sentiment, this may be the year's "epic," showing us how war came to the pleasant lives of English people and how they have endured it. Very polished and often very stirring. Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

MOONTIDE—Jean Gabin in his first American film, handling Hollywood problems wisely, and being helped, too, by Ida Lupino and Thomas Mitchell. A grim, primitive story of waterfront life on the West Coast, with drama enough for anyone. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., July 11-14.... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Mon. through Thurs., July 13-16.... Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Fri., July 14-17.)

NAZI AGENT—A spy picture, in which Conrad Veidt foils more than his quota of Nazis. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., July 13.... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., July 14-18.)

REAP THE WILD WIND—Perhaps for Cecil B. De Mille followers only, but one of his more fancy shows. About the Florida Keys along in the eighteen-forties. With Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, Raymond Massey, and an octopus. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., July 13.... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sat. through Mon., July 11-13.)

THIS GUN FOR HIRE—Veronica Lake in a strange and unexpected kind of underworld thriller, distinguished from the average by its finesse and the curious types it presents. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., July 10.... Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., July 14-15.)

TORTILLA FLAT—A rather charming film of the Steinbeck story of California *paisanos*. Quaint and diverting, with Hedy Lamarr, Spencer Tracy, John Garfield, and Frank Morgan. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., July 13.... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., July 14-18.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—The story of George M. Cohan and a great display of stage life, reviving the tunes and memories of his famous shows. With James Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; nightly at 8:45; Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30, and other days at 2:45.)

REVIVALS

CHAPAYEV (1935)—Russian melodrama of a revolutionary hero. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., July 12.)

THE GREAT WALTZ (1938)—Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, "The Blue Danube," and old Vienna. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., July 10.)

JOY OF LIVING (1938)—Comedy, Kern tunes, Irene Dunne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., July 11-13.)

LOVE FROM A STRANGER (1937)—An Agatha Christie story. Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., July 11-13.)

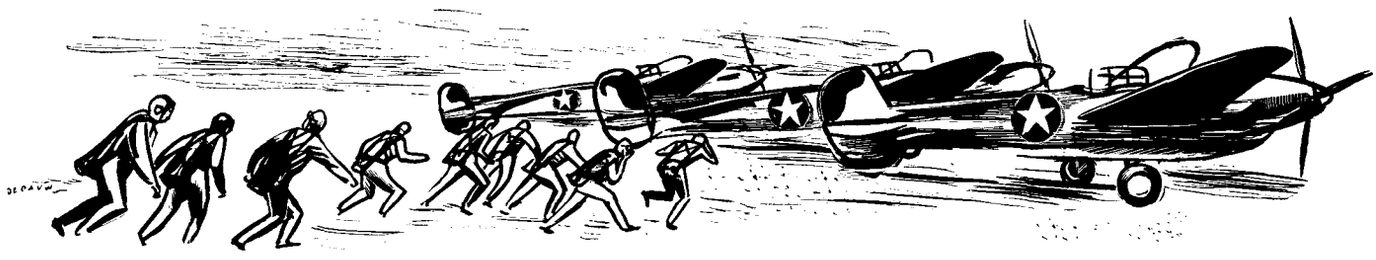
SERGEANT YORK (1941)—Gary Cooper as the celebrated noncom. (Strand, B'way at 47; Thurs., July 9.)

THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER (1940)—Whimsy in Budapest. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., July 13-15.)

VIVACIOUS LADY (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., July 13-15.)

A WOMAN'S FACE (1941)—Deformity and violence. Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas, and Conrad Veidt. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., July 10.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following films daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. on this schedule—THURS. AND FRI., JULY 9-10: "Hallelujah" (1929), Nina Mae McKinney. SAT. AND SUN., JULY 11-12: "The Love Parade" (1929), Jeanette MacDonald, Maurice Chevalier. MON. AND TUES., JULY 13-14: "Little Caesar" (1930), Edward G. Robinson. WED. AND THURS., JULY 15-16: "Anna Christie" (1930), Greta Garbo. FRI. AND SAT., JULY 17-18: "Morocco" (1930), Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This photo taken in action in Bataan by U. S. Army Signal Corps

The War isn't fought in Fox Holes alone

IT'S fought in the mind. It's fought with a will to win. It's fought with a belief in a cause worth dying for.

That will, that belief, is known as *morale.*

Our enemies have had years of indoctrination. They have been conditioned to believe themselves part of a "new order" . . . to which the contribution of their lives is small but all-important. They believe themselves cogs in a vast machine.

Our soldiers do not fight that way—because they do not live that way. They believe in the sanctity of the individual. They must be treated as persons.

To maintain their morale in the American way, the USO has devoted all its time and energy since practically the beginning of conscription.

It has done this by staffing and maintaining club houses near all training camps and in outlying possessions of the United States.

Today its work is far greater than ever, its need for funds to carry on more than doubled.

The USO needs your help more than ever before!

High government and military officials—including General MacArthur—have praised the work done by the USO and recognized its importance in the war effort.

But it needs recognition from *you*—recognition in the way of dollars and cents. For the six national agencies which comprise the USO are publicly supported.

Now above all times, to make your dollars count, give to the USO!

Send your contribution to your local USO Committee or to National Headquarters, USO, Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.

Give to the USO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New York's First Bank
Established 1784

Personal Trusts
Since 1830

Clemenceau's Wisecrack

"WAR," said France's Victory Premier in 1918, "is too important to leave to the generals." His dry humor had its point, but Clemenceau knew also, as well as anyone else, that a general staff is essential to any coordinated effort.

Property is too important for the owner not to have his own plan as to basic objectives. Beyond that, however, the general staff is of major value in dealing with both technical and practical problems. The lawyer, the investment adviser, the custodian, the tax expert, the accountant and general administrator are necessary adjuncts of competent command.

From our day to day experience we are keenly aware of the many individual economic problems created by the war. The entry into war service of personal advisers, trustees and administrators has disrupted accustomed arrangements. Also, the impact of new taxes has made it advisable to review earlier plans for the ultimate distribution of property.

Realizing the difficulty as well as the responsibility of its task in an era of swift, startling change, this Bank maintains a large staff of specialists in all fields of trust and investment work. The continuous studies of this experienced staff serve as a guide in the management of trust and other funds in the Bank's care.

BANK OF NEW YORK

48 Wall Street — New York

UPTOWN OFFICE: MADISON AVENUE AT 63RD STREET

Commercial Banking *Executor and Trustee*

Copyright 1942--Bank of New York

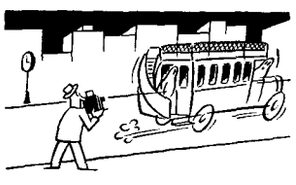
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE long ago adjusted ourself to the realization that the metropolitan press is never going to tire of printing photographs of blackouts. Even though these are just black, inky rectangles with a tendency to smudge one's thumbs or cuffs, we are convinced that they are bona fide; that is, that they were made by photographers from the top of the Empire State Building rather than by a forger in the engraving department. This is harmless enough journalism, but it gives the photographer a false sense of being able to capture, on film, a situation that is to a considerable degree non-visual, and it doesn't simply end there. To be specific, we are certain that if the *Herald Tribune* had not started printing pictures of blackouts, it would never have printed, as it actually did last week, a picture of a Fifth Avenue bus not stopping at Thirty-sixth Street. "The Fifth Avenue Bus Doesn't Stop at Thirty-sixth Street Any More," said the caption, referring, of course, to the new policy of stopping only every fourth block, to save gasoline and tires. And there, by George, was a picture of a bus going on up to Thirty-eighth Street. Or so the caption said, and we've never had reason to doubt a *Herald Tribune* caption. We'll bet that if a *Tribune* photographer were sent out to get a pic-



ture of a Fifth Avenue bus not running after one o'clock in the morning he'd come back with something. And the *Tribune* would probably print it.

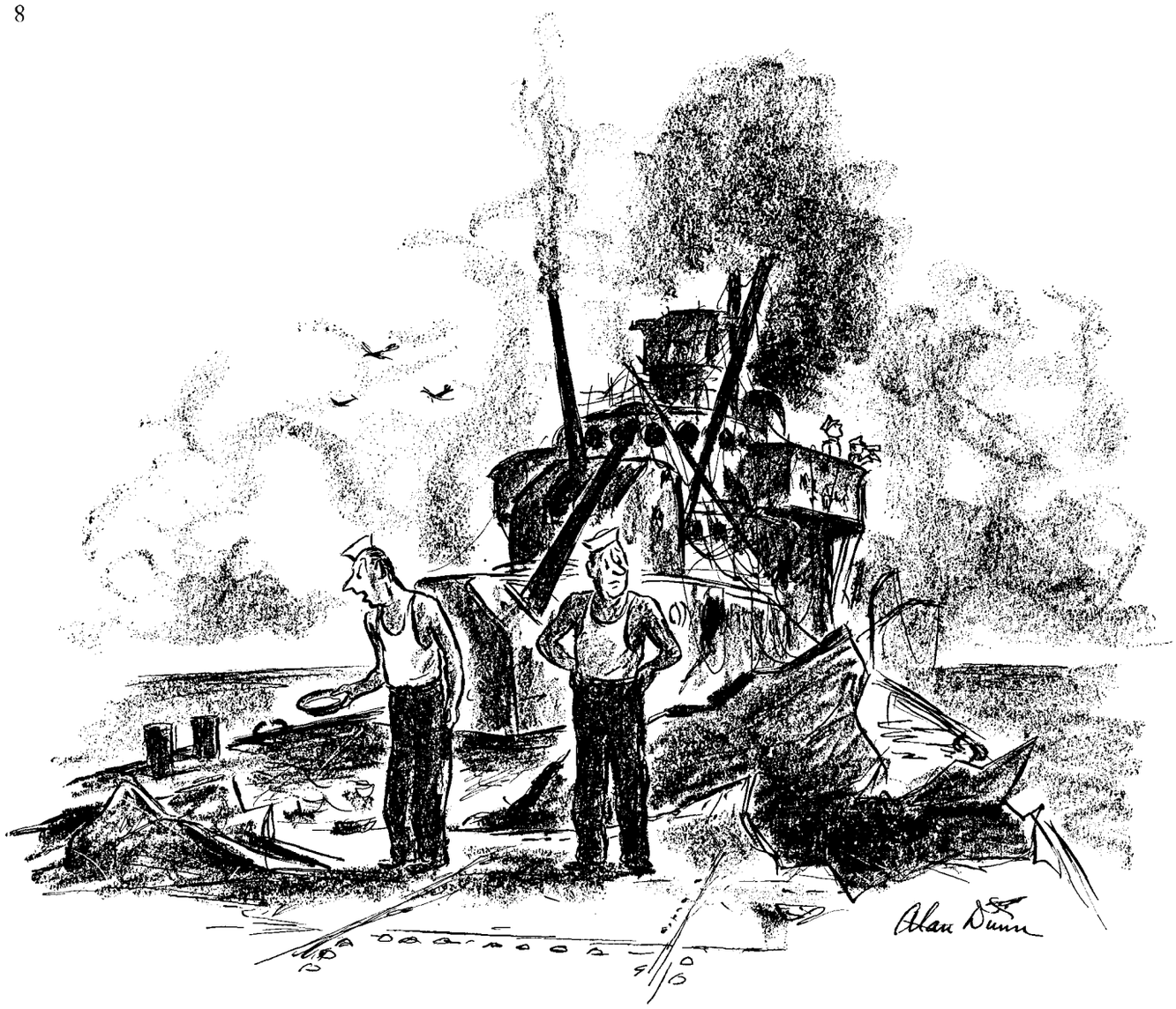
AFTER a winter and spring spent largely in filling out forms of one kind and another, we pause briefly for station identification. We are, we believe, one of the most exhaustively catalogued men in the United States—every conceivable fact of our life cross-indexed and filed in triplicate in handsome steel cabinets in New York, Washington, Albany, and other far-flung cities. The simple details of our age, sex, race, weight, height, and the color of our hair and eyes are known to many, including the Motor Vehicle Bureau and the United States Customs, which also has our photograph. More intimate physical information is in the possession of two or three insurance companies, several doctors, dentists, and oculists, a marriage-license bureau, and, of course, our draft board. The intricate shape of our financial and domestic condition is common gossip with the state and federal income-tax authorities, the Social Security Administration, a couple of credit-rating bureaus, a lawyer, and again our draft board, which by now must be equipped to turn out a fairly definitive biography. There are tiny clues to the whole picture elsewhere. The police department of Hicksville, Long Island, knows (or once knew) something moderately interesting. An organization made up of people whose ancestors once fought together in another war has some rather dry genealogical data. Our present employer and several past ones are in possession of material of no possible use to anybody but an employer. The things our friends know about us, while amusing, are not matters of record. It is probably just as well. Reflecting on all the agencies to whom we are known, usually as a number (we once figured out that we had no less than twenty-two official numbers, all vital), we can't help feeling a mild glow of importance. Our simplest act, such as moving to a new address, would call for revisions on a hundred little cards. Our death would agitate bookkeepers from Maine to California, or anyway from Massachusetts to the District of Columbia. As a matter of fact, the American today has a special and restricted immortality. He never really dies, in the sense that his personality is finally obliterated. He is simply translated from one set of heavenly files to another.

THE current *Rdr's Dgst* contains a condensed article entitled "A Woman's Responsibility in Sex Relations," which was originally printed, at full length, in a magazine called *You*. Without going into the merits of articles on sex hygiene, we would like to make one fairly obvious comment. Woman's responsibility in this matter includes, we say, taking the Lexington Avenue subway to Astor Place, shopping around in the second-hand bookstores of lower Fourth Avenue until she finds the back

number of *You* which contains the undocked article, taking it home, and reading it slowly and carefully, word by word and comma by comma. Sex is leisurely and redundant, and we somehow doubt the ability of a *Digest* editor, with his gleaming scissors, to dissect the gist out of it. Or, to put it another way, if you're too busy to read full-length magazine articles, you're too busy for sex.

THOSE of us who are not disposed of by fragmentation bombs are going to fall victim to the nostalgic dilemma, a unique problem of our age. You may not be fully familiar with the nostalgic dilemma and its operations (we made up the term only yesterday, while lunching at Schrafft's), so we'll explain. In times of stress, it is natural to try to recapture the graciousness, or what seems like the graciousness, of an earlier

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Kitty, kitty, kitty—here, kitty."

• •

period. This usually works out all right. Who could be more harmlessly engaged, for instance, than a Southerner living in a decorous and julepy befo'-dewo' dream world? But when we come to recapture our own prewar world, we'll be recapturing probably the nastiest twenty years in history. Remember the day Uncle John jumped out of his stockbroker's window? Remember those pre-repeal hangovers? Oh, boy, *those* were the days!

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Shepherds' crooks, in the latest priorities regulation issued by the War Production Board, have a rating of thirteen, putting them ahead of soda fountains, but behind splints. Who makes shepherds' crooks and who uses them, we know not.

Kitchen workers attached to the Columbia University dining halls are under orders to change to fresh aprons and caps before reporting to the air-raid shelter.

The 67th Floor Holding Corporation has offices on the 66th floor of the Chrysler Building.

Two Lumps

WE fell to wondering, one afternoon last week, how dining places of elegance and Lucius Beebe were managing to ration their sugar without appearing crass. A survey seemed to be in order and, since with us to think is to act, we had soon dispatched an assistant with a sweet tooth on the mission. Starting, for no special reason, at Voisin, he was told that the honor system was in effect and working perfectly. "Our type of customer doesn't take more than he needs," they told him with pride. "We've been using up less sugar since rationing started than ever before." The Colony, on the other hand, exerts social pressure, in the person of a waiter who brings the sugar bowl and watches you while you help yourself. There is only one bowl in the whole room, and diners are tactfully given to understand that two cubes of sugar for coffee is par. The Marguery reported that no formal restrictions are in force but that their clientele just seems to have stopped using much sugar; it's there, but they go slow. The Brevoort will bring a guest up to two lumps, upon request. At Chatham Walk, the policy is rather lenient. Two lumps for coffee or tea, and another two spoonfuls for cereals or fruit.

The Longchamps at Lexington and Forty-second told our operative, "It's not serious. We have no trouble." This boils down to the fact that a customer gets two small cubes, equal to one normal-sized one (it fools him). If a diner asks for more, one of two things happens: he gets more or he doesn't,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

depending upon how tough he acts. Schrafft's wouldn't tell our man what their policy was, though he could easily have found out by sitting down and ordering a cup of coffee. The head-waiter at Reuben's was crisp and to the point. "We give no sugar to nobody," he said, "unless they ask for it." Childs allows each customer a small jar of sugar containing one and a half teaspoonfuls. Some people think this isn't enough for iced tea, but Childs is adamant, and quite right, too.

Trip

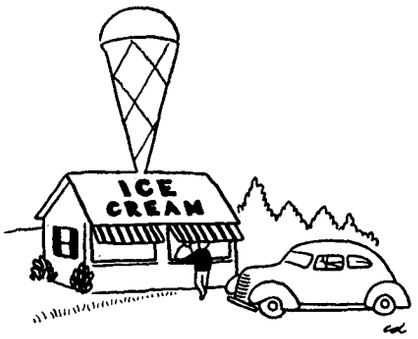
AS a grim addition to the discourse we had here, a while back, on Max Ernst, the painter, we present a footnote about his concentration-camp experiences. Incarcerated in a French camp near Lyons at a time when the Germans were expected any day, Ernst and some 2,500 other anti-Nazi German-born prisoners, who had plenty to fear from the Gestapo, gladly accepted the camp authorities' offer to move them elsewhere. They boarded a train and after five cramped, hungry days arrived in Bayonne, where French officials began to march them onto a small boat bound for Africa and comparative security. Just after the start of this procedure, a rumor arose that the German Army was about to enter Bayonne. The officials rushed all 2,500 back aboard the train, for there was no chance of getting the boat loaded and started in a hurry, and the train streaked off in a driving rain for Nîmes. After it had been going a couple of hours, the conductor, near whom Ernst was standing, clapped his forehead and said, "My God, it must have been I who started the rumor that the German Army was coming! I wired ahead for food for twenty-five hundred Germans." When the train arrived in Nîmes, the prisoner-refugees were accepted by the authorities, the conductor having taken the precaution of sending no advance notice. By the time the first Nazi commission visited the concentration camp at Nîmes, Ernst and a number of his fellow-prisoners had been set free by the French.

Mar Dung Noon

ONE of a list of suggestions for winning the war recently published in these columns (No. 7) was that our government admit Chinese fighters to its military councils and learn about Nippon from them. Practicing what we preached, in a small way, we called on Mar Dung Noon, a Chinese youth who registered last week in the eighteen-to-twenty-year-old draft and has had experience fighting Japs. We got in touch with Noon through the Selective Service officials, who are proud of him, and went straight to Noon's place of employment, a Chinese laundry located under the Athens Chop House, corner of Sixth Avenue and Ninth Street. Noon, a slight, bespectacled chap, was sweeping the floor but knocked off willingly for an interview. He's just eighteen, he told us, a native of Canton. He has been in the country for only seven years, on and off, but has managed to learn pretty good English and to graduate from an American junior high school.

It was on March 3, 1941, that Noon had his brush with the Japs. This was at the end of a year's visit in China with the home folks, in a little village near Canton called Toi-san. The enemy, a Japanese column that included infantry, field guns, and cavalry, was sighted early in the morning by a Chinese Paul Revere, who aroused all his neighbors. The country offered pretty good cover, Noon told us, and there were enough guns to go round, including one for him. "What kind of gun did you have?" we asked. Noon didn't know, except that it was a good gun and fired a bullet about as long as his middle finger. In company with the farmers, Noon crept through the underbrush and opened fire with his anonymous rifle on the Japs' vanguard. The Japs stopped and brought up their field guns. Six days of guerrilla fighting ensued, after which the Japs turned around and retreated in the direction from which they had come. Both sides had several casualties. Noon likes to believe he winged a couple of Japs, but he can't be sure. Two days after the retreat, Noon left Toi-san, boarded an American liner at Hong Kong, and came back to this country, and the laundry.

Noon is delighted that he's been registered and hopes to be called for active duty soon. His parents are perfectly reconciled to this, he says. "They know this country needs men," he told us. He'd like to be a machine-gunner in the infantry, if there's any choice offered him. "In that way, I could probably kill more Japs," he explained to us. "Machine guns are wonderful things—so fast. Then," he added, introducing a new quirk into Army tactics, "when they got close enough, I could charge them with a bayonet." In China, Noon told us, they do not have too high an opinion of Japanese fighting ability. As he says, the Japs stopped that day when he fired on them. On the other hand, the Chinese don't make the Occidental mistake of supposing that all Japs wear glasses and say "Excuse, please" during battle. If the United Nations in general stand as firm as the farmers of Toi-san, Noon can't see how we can help winning. "If we fight like they do, always and ever, the United Nations must win," he told us, returning to his sweeping.



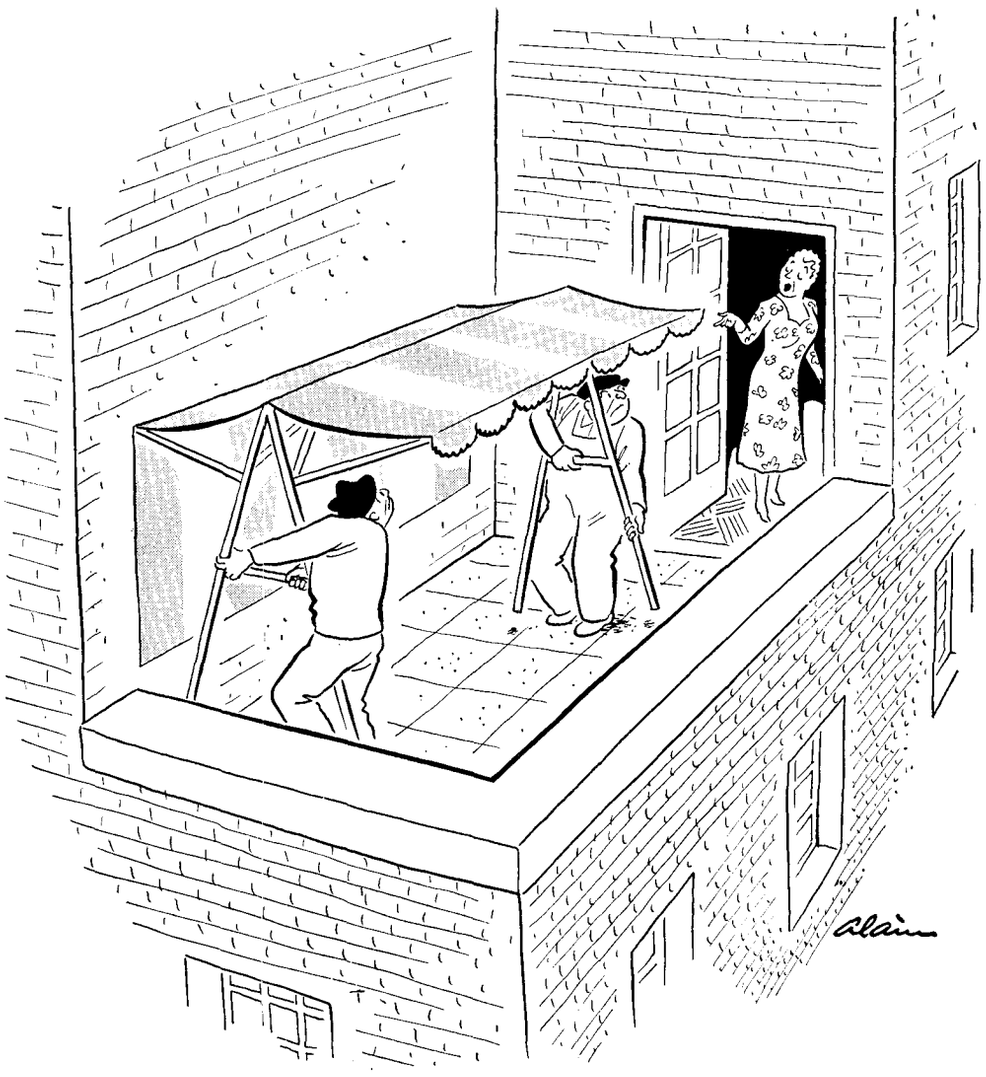
Accuracy

FRIEND of ours asked the express company to call around and pick up a package. When the driver arrived, he asked how much the package weighed. "I don't know," our friend said. "Haven't you got scales in your truck?" "No, sir," the driver said. "The Bureau of Weights and Measures won't let us. They say the scales would get inaccurate from bouncing around." "Well, how do you know how much to charge, then?" our man asked. "Pick up the stuff and guess," the driver said cheerfully, picking up the package and guessing.

Yachts at War

WITH a global war on and our own shores more or less bristling with mines and periscopes, there naturally won't be much yachting this summer, which is O.K. with the yachtsmen, who have mostly turned their darlings over to the Navy and Coast Guard. Checking at the New York Yacht Club, we find that, of a total of five hundred-odd boats of all sizes which its members owned, more than half are now on active service one place or another. In that respect it's like the last war, when the club was left with few boats much larger than a canoe. All the vessels of two hundred feet or over are in either the British or the American Na-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Just put it down anywhere."

• •

vy. Many of the smaller ones are patrolling nearby waters as Coast Guard auxiliaries. When the Coast Guard takes over a boat it occasionally takes over the owner along with it, on a part- or full-time basis. With a reasonable chance of getting a shot at a German and no gasoline problem to think about, these fellows generally are as happy as larks. So far as the Navy is concerned, if a yacht and an owner should turn up together it would be pure coincidence. The Navy does not take over boats with any strings attached, and moreover will very probably return those it does take stripped of all their furnishings, pretty woodwork, and brass. And an even harder wrench on the former owners is the Navy's habit of changing the names of boats to fit into its nomenclature. Hiram Manville's Hi-Esmaro now has the *nom de guerre* U.S.S. Niagara, Walter P. Murphy's Intrepid is now the U.S.S. Sylph, and so it goes.

Last war, several New York Yacht Club boats were sunk on active duty, including George W. C. Drexel's Alcedo, which was torpedoed, and Harry Harkness's Wakiva, which rammed a ship in a convoy and sank. The best war record of that outfit was probably that of J. P. Morgan's Corsair III, now serving an honorable old age in the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey as the Oceanographer. Corsair III sank two German submarines, towed a crippled freighter two hundred miles to port, rescued dozens of shipwrecked seamen, survived a hurricane in the Bay of Biscay, and came through without a scratch. Morgan's Corsair IV was turned over to the British Navy in 1940. Herbert M. Sears' Constellation, an iron schooner built over fifty years ago and a perennial feature of the Harvard-Yale crew race, has been scrapped for the benefit of the Navy. She was too old for service, by several decades, and Mr. Sears was afraid she would be bought by some opportunist and turned into a floating night club or some such, so he sold her for scrap and gave the Navy the money. The Navy has announced that Mrs. William L. Harkness's Cythera, which had been on patrol duty, is missing. There has been a rumor that Corsair IV was torpedoed in the Channel a few months ago and that John W. Hubbard's Conseco (Vincent Astor's Nourmahal that was) was sunk last year off the Nova Scotia coast.

As in the last war, the Yacht Club is supplying manpower as well as vessels, among the members who have gone into the service this time being George T. Bowdoin, former treasurer of the club, and Colgate Hoyt, the former secretary, who has wound up, surprisingly, in the Army. George E. Roosevelt, the Commodore, an expert on navigation and a frequent lecturer on the subject, expects to be in the Navy before long. The Yacht Club itself isn't as lonesome as one might think, under the circumstances; for one thing, it's become a sort of shore headquarters for British naval officers, and they cheer the place up considerably.

In the Bag

THE other evening a young mother told us about her son Jonathan. It seems that Jonathan, six, attends, in season, one of the town's smart modern schools. Near the end of the spring term, one of Jonathan's teachers pulled a new one on her class. Each child was asked to describe some trip his father had taken during the winter (all this in the interest of developing Observation, or Coöperation in the Home, or something). Jonathan liked the idea and entered fully into the spirit of the thing. When it came his turn, he gave an excited account of a journey his father had taken to Chicago. "I helped him pack his suitcase," Johnny tossed in at the end. "And what did your father put in his suitcase?" asked the unwary teacher. "Pajamas and a bottle of whiskey," said Johnny promptly.

Captain of Nothing

AS it must to all men in wartime, sobriety (in a measure) has come to William Saroyan. He used to wear his hat in the house; now he doesn't. He used to like to listen to a player piano

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

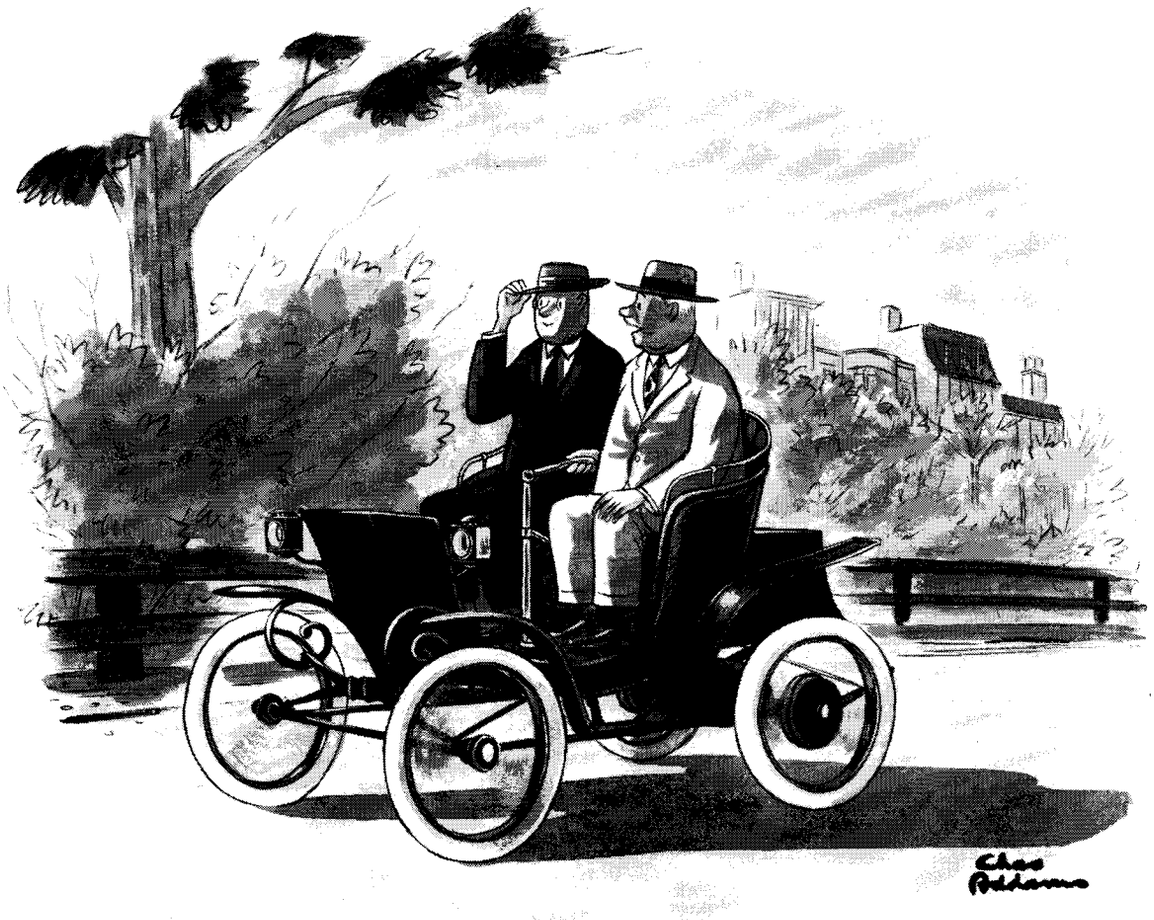
which he kept in his apartment; now he has a phonograph and some classical recordings. He also has $60,000—$59,600 more than he had when we last reported on him in this department, seven years ago—and eighteen unproduced plays of various lengths and shapes, which he is willing to see presented at no profit to himself. These facts we gleaned when we interviewed him recently, in a suite on the twenty-eighth floor of Hampshire House. Wearing blue slacks with a self belt, a striped shirt, maroon socks, leather bedroom slippers, and no shave, the Armenian Orson Welles was, when we walked in on him, reading the *Journal-American* and listening to the Brahms Double Concerto in A minor. He explained that we found him at home only because it was pouring rain. "I don't like to go out in that thing," he said. "You get sticky." We told him that our purpose was to bring him up to date for the benefit of our readers. "That's a good thing to do," he mused. "People will be interested."

Well, his sixty grand came to him as the result of a generous gesture. One of his friends was scratching along as a Hollywood agent, and it was suggested to Saroyan that if he let the friend handle him, it would enhance his standing as an agent. Saroyan said O.K., though with some misgivings. "I didn't think they were ready for me," he said. So it proved. He turned out a story he called "The Human Comedy," of which he remarked to us, "Many people think it's the simplest, most wonderful thing I've got." Saroyan demanded to produce and direct his own story, but Mr. Mayer, his boss, rebelled. He was told that he'd have to make a short first, to get his hand in. He did this, writing, directing, and producing a two-reeler called "The Good Job," which he thought fairly wonderful but which Mayer didn't like. The short was shelved, "The Human Comedy" deferred, and Saroyan was turned away with nothing but a check for $60,000 between him and the bread line. It would have made any other man bitter.

Saroyan bought a large Cadillac, which he didn't know how to drive, and started East, learning to drive by the sink-or-swim method. "I found that people have a terrific respect for a big car," he told us. He made a detour to visit Cincinnati because the name has always fascinated him. "When I was a kid, I used to have a badge that said, 'I'm the Guy Who Put the Sin in Cincinnati,' " he told us, and that was his full explanation. Right now, with all those plays (six full-length, twelve one-act), a ballet, and so on burning a hole in his pocket, he's brooding about the possibilities of a coöperative theatre, in which nobody will make any money but all will have unlimited Saroyan plays to act in. Meanwhile his draft board has classified him—something nobody else has ever before attempted. He's 1A and expects to be called up soon. His mood is one of solemn indecision. His admirers keep urging him to put in for various morale or writing jobs, but he can't make up his mind. One thing—he doesn't want a commission. "I just want to be a captain of nothing," he said, turning on the Double Concerto and going back to the *Journal-American*.

Sacred Moment

A GIRL who has just completed her course in ambulance driving tells us of the emotion that came over her when, with her fellow-students, she attended a "capping" ceremony in which the corps leader passed out overseas caps to the graduates. They filed by the commandant, a stern matron who shook hands after the presentation and murmured a few words to each recipient. Waiting for her turn, our little friend decided that the commandant must be exhorting her charges to remember Pearl Harbor, or something of that nature. When she got near enough to overhear, she found that the lady was saying, as she handed out the caps, "If it's not the right size, you can exchange it. If it's not the right size, you can exchange it. If it's not . . ."



"I had quite a time persuading the Smithsonian to give it back to me, as you may imagine."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE READING PUBLIC

Zostra and Professor Dimitroff have been marooned on the Planet Xion by The Octopus, who plans to DESTROY them with his Remote-Control Atom-Smasher.

Jim Randall learns of The Octopus's scheme by means of Queen Duna's Hypnotic Thought Recorder and starts to the rescue in his Solar-Energy Stratosphere Ship, promising to keep in touch with her by means of the Cosmic Cable. But Queen Duna's Prime Minister, Zarcon, has secretly removed the Helicopter Space Rudder and substituted a powerful MAGNET.

Suddenly, Jim Randall realizes that the Solar-Energy Stratosphere Ship is being irresistibly drawn toward the mineral deposits of the dread Planet Kaal, where there is no AIR to BREATHE...

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE IMPROBABLE EMPIRE

IMPERIAL TOHOKU UNIVERSITY

ONE day, late in the autumn of 1939, I was sitting in my cottage in the south of England when the telephone rang and a voice said, "Would you accept a professorship in a Japanese university if it was offered to you?" I said yes, I would, because I thought I had vegetated long enough in England. Was there a salary? "Come up to London and see me at the Savage Club," the voice answered. "My name is Charleton. We can talk about the details then." So I went up to the Savage Club and met a small, fat man originally from Leeds who had been dispatched from Japan to catch a poet and take him back to the Imperial Tohoku University at Sendai, which is about two hundred and fifty miles north of Tokio. This little man taught at the Bunrika University in Tokio and, in talking about himself, hinted somewhat obscurely at diplomatic offices he had performed in the past for the Japanese government. For the last seven years, he said, he had been president of the Foreign Teachers' Association of Japan and in this capacity had been sent to England to get a poet. He had 7,000 yen (about $1,650) per annum to offer, and he proceeded to offer it with gestures of such promise and promises of such generosity that I signed papers, and within eight days my wife and I sailed from Tilbury in a dilapidated Japanese liner called the Fushimi Maru.

The little man from Leeds and his French secretary went with us all the way to Tokio. He did not stop talking for more than ten minutes at a time about the attractions of the appointment I had received and these brief interludes he devoted to leering at my wife.

During one of our conversations I asked him if the authorities were likely to be disturbed by the fact that I held no degree and had never done any teaching. "No," he said. "The Japanese government doesn't want academic distinction. It wants a poet. You won't do much real teaching. They want you to travel over Japan and talk about romanticism and poetry and England and Wordsworth, at all the large universities. The appointment [he invariably referred to the professorship as an appointment] is, in fact, a point of prestige. It has what might be called diplomatic ramifications. You should take it as a genuflection to English literature. After all, to extend this invitation to a young man of twenty-six with only a smattering of official education simply because he writes poems seems very broadminded to me. You will receive a house properly furnished and a servant and anything reasonable that you ask for, if it can be obtained. Which reminds me. I need not tell you that the Holy War—that's the Chinese Incident—has necessitated some economies in the way we live out there. But you'll see. It's nothing much."

WE arrived in Japan at last after a voyage which seemed endless. As I sat in the dining saloon of the Fushimi Maru waiting to go through the formalities of disembarkation, I heard a panicky shouting in the corridor, and after a while I realized with a start that it was my name being shouted. I had failed to recognize it at first because the pronunciation was top-heavy and "Barker" had somehow become a monosyllable. I dashed out into the corridor, caught up with a young Japanese who was paging me, and introduced myself. "Ah," he sighed breathlessly. "Ah." After he had regained his composure he rummaged in his pockets and at last found an envelope and presented it to me. It was carefully inscribed "To the Professor Barker," and because I had never been addressed as Professor before, this rather impressed and pleased me. I opened the envelope and read the message, written in longhand, which it contained: "Well come to Japan. Will you come to my house at once." The first sentence had been partly crossed out and then written in again exactly as it was before. The note was signed "Professor Mukai," who, the man from Leeds had told me, was "the greatest Oriental student of the Occident."

After I had read the note the young man who brought it told me that he was Mukai, Jr., and, without further preliminaries, grasped my arm and started to bundle me off the ship. When I resisted and explained that I couldn't leave my wife alone to manage the handling of our luggage, the making of hotel reservations, etc., the young Mukai halted in his tracks with an expression of absolute horror. He fumbled in his pockets again and produced a second note. This one informed me in rather uncertain English that my luggage would be "taken" by a certain travel agency and that I could afford to leave everything in their hands. I found my wife, passed this information along to her, told her I'd meet her later at the Imperial Hotel, and was hustled down the gangplank.

Once ashore, the young Mukai and I got into a taxi and were driven from the port about ten miles to the centre of Tokio and thence to the suburb in which the Mukais lived. There the small brick houses, each with its high stone wall, formed a kind of expatriated London, and I thought for a moment that I had come full circle and reached Golders Green, that jewel of the English suburbs. We stopped in front of one of the houses and young Mukai dismissed the cab.

From the fact that the great scholar lived in what is referred to in Japan as a "foreign-style" house, I recognized that he was not above indulging in a gesture. It is not only injudicious (because of earthquakes) to live in a foreign-style house in Japan but also supercilious and silly, because the Japanese house is far more admirable as architecture and obviously far cheaper to build.

My companion led me through a miniature garden and knocked at the front door. After a few moments the door was opened and Professor Mukai stood on the threshold in his slippers. "Ah, Professor Barker," he said. "I see that my son found you. Will you come into my house?" I noticed that the young Mukai had removed his shoes, and I was about to follow his example when the Professor took my arm. "That is not necessary," he said. "I live here as your foreigners live in your own country. We Japanese remove our shoes in our own homes because the floors are made of soft matting, which shoes would injure." I kept my shoes on, and the Professor showed me into a tiny hallway, where an umbrella stand and a perennial plant stood. A bevelled mirror hung on one wall. I felt as though I had been there before. And the Professor, seeming to sense my thought, said, "It is quite like the house where I lived in London. As you see, I do what I can to live here as I lived there." I asked him how long he had lived in England. "Five, six, seven years," he said, and, pulling aside the curtains that hung in the doorway between the hall and the main room of the house, mo-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tioned me to enter. I stepped through the doorway and then stopped dead, with, I'm afraid, my mouth open.

I saw seven men sitting upright on high-backed chairs arranged in a large horseshoe shape round the room. They were Japanese dressed in Western clothes. Four or five wore black morning suits, and the others rather bedraggled lounge suits. What tended to unnerve me was that clearly our entrance had not interrupted any conversation. They sat in perfect silence, with their hands crossed in their laps.

"This," announced the elder Mukai to the assemblage, "is Mr. Barker, the English poet, who has just arrived in Japan." Almost without a sound the group got to its feet. My host turned to me and said, as nearly as I can remember, "I wish to introduce Professor Tumichi, Professor Toskyowan, Professor Hikoki, Professor Zitenska, Professor Kajo, Professor Hokakebune, and Dr. Heiei." I bowed. The seven scholars bowed in succession, and I was shown by my host to the vacant chair at the top of the arc of the horseshoe.

Professor Mukai then addressed me. "We arranged this reception for your honor to celebrate your arrival in this country," he said. "I wish to speak for my colleagues when I say that we all trust that you will enjoy your sojourn with us as much as we will enjoy having you here."

I said, "Thank you," and added that I could make no adequate reply to so charming an address, and sat down.

Perhaps inexcusably, I assumed that something was about to happen—a bowl of tea passed around, odd conversation, a recital of music on the upright piano that stood, decorated with two glass vases of artificial flowers, against a wall—but the seven professors and the Doctor continued to sit in complete silence, with their hands in their laps. I also said nothing, because after a few moments of utter bewilderment I recalled that on board ship it had been explained to me that this ritual of silence was an important part of social intercourse. After half an hour or more I had exhausted the amusements of chewing the tip of my tie to ribbons, evaluating the furniture, admiring the socks of the other guests (who had all removed their shoes), and practicing palmistry on myself, so I turned to Professor Hikoki, who sat next to me, and was about to speak when suddenly he broke silence. "Mr. Barker, you will be the third Lafcadio Hearn," he said.

I thought I must have misunderstood his remark, and I asked him to repeat it. He did so. "But I can't," I said. "Apart from anything else, there hasn't yet been a second Lafcadio Hearn."

"Ah," he replied. "You forget your host. He is the second Lafcadio Hearn. Professor Sagui Mukai. He has written books on Keats, Browning, and Oxford."

"But," I protested, "how can Professor Mukai be a second Lafcadio Hearn, since he begins by being Japanese? I thought that Lafcadio Hearn was considered remarkable because he was a foreigner who succeeded in understanding the Japanese. Surely Professor Mukai starts off with an advantage?"

"Professor Mukai is the Lafcadio Hearn of the East," said Professor Hikoki. "He understands the foreigners as well as Lafcadio Hearn understood we Japanese."

"I understand," I said, controlling my sense of logic. "The second Lafcadio Hearn is Professor Mukai."

At that juncture my host got up and invited me to accompany him to the library. This was a cell-like little chamber overcrowded with books in the dreariest shades of binding. He sat down at a small desk and, looking up at me with a serious expression, said, "Here is a present I have prepared for you." He gave me a small book bound in brown cloth. On the spine it said simply, "Keats-Mukai." I expressed my gratitude as elaborately as I could. "Look inside, Mr. Barker," he said, with an air of the mysterious. I opened the cover and read a longhand inscription, "To one Romantic who love Keats." I expressed my thanks again, and we rejoined the other guests. Shortly thereafter a cab called for me, evidently by prearrangement with Professor Mukai, and I left for the Imperial Hotel.

"He's really awfully attractive, for twenty-eight."

AFTER a week of sightseeing in Tokio my wife and I

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I'll say one thing for the Texas, they used to always put nuts on the sundaes."

• •

took a train to Sendai. A light snow was falling as we arrived there. The first person I met after getting off the train was Dean Doichi of the Imperial Tohoku University (Imperial because it is under the aegis of the Japanese government, and Tohoku because that is Japanese for "northeastern"). He was standing on the station platform as my train came in, a package of Cherry cigarettes in one hand and an umbrella in the other. He had on a pair of leather shoes at least three sizes too large and in a fairly tired condition, but even these, as I realized later, gave him a distinguished air among the two thousand students, who for the most part could only afford to wear *geta*, which are nothing more than small wooden platforms, raised off the ground by means of wooden cleats under both ends. He came up to us as we gazed suspiciously around, and said, "It is a long way. You are tired." Then he presented me with the cigarettes; they were a cheap brand, but cigarettes of any kind were almost impossible to obtain at that time in Japan. A student stepped forward from a group who stood shivering in the snow and announced, "Welcome to a Japanese university," and stepped back.

The Dean then escorted my wife and me to a very battered Buick and we were driven to the house which the university had set aside for us. Our first inspection of it was not reassuring. It was a two-story stucco building, which had cracked down the centre as a result of earthquakes, and was surrounded by a board fence about six feet high. The front door opened into a deep hall which was abutted by two large rooms on either side. I can use euphemisms and say that these became the drawing room and the dining room, on the left, and my study and the kitchen on the right. Upstairs there were three bedrooms. Throughout the house the doorknobs had been fixed as near to the edges of the doors as possible (so that I skinned my knuckles every time I entered a room); the doors of the lavatories could be locked only from the outside; and the house itself, a month earlier, had been moved from its original site to the place where I found it—that is, in the middle of the university athletic field—and set exactly athwart the homestretch of the running track. I was to learn that the athletes were not at all discommoded by this arrangement—the runners simply performed a detour around the wooden fence—and the location did have its diverting aspects. I watched a vaulter pole himself backward and forward over my fence for the whole of one dull Saturday afternoon. In addition to the house, we were also provided with a female servant named Akeko-san who turned out to be an ostentatiously incompetent eavesdropper planted in the house by the police. Every evening, a small official hurried surreptitiously past my study window and scratched at the back door. Akeko-san would open the door to him and give him information about that day's behavior of my wife and myself. The servant reported any remarks that her highly imperfect knowledge of English had permitted her to comprehend. The official made notes and after some minutes of consultation retreated, still hurriedly, past my window. Sometimes, as he left, he glanced up at me and we smiled transparently at each other.

THE Chair of Literature at the Imperial Tohoku University is not so much a chair as a kind of footstool for English poets. I mean that academically it is invisible. According to the registration records, about ten or twelve students should have put in an appearance at my first lecture, but only two, Hikaru and Takuichi, appeared. I was given to understand that the rest had other things to do. It took me three weeks to discover that the two who attended were the only ones, among those registered for the course, who could speak and understand English with any proficiency. After this the lecture course degenerated into merely casual and informal meetings with my two students. The three of us lolled about in an excruciatingly cold hall (one hour's heating permitted a day) and smoked disgusting cigarettes and discussed the private lives of the young writers who were my friends in England. About them, Hikaru and Takuichi displayed a positively feminine curiosity. So I gave up the ghost and resigned myself to the fact that I had been brought seventeen thousand miles just to gossip.

The university consisted of twenty or twenty-five buildings, varying from one structure that resembled a decapitated pagoda, in which the intellectuals played ping-pong and mah-jongg, to a modern, Teutonic-looking edifice, of which everyone associated with the university was impartially proud. In this building the Faculty of Science conducted itself. Dispersed over about three square miles of grounds, the other buildings, which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Thank you, but I think I can manage."

•

looked like barns with architectural ambitions, housed the Faculties of Letters, Jurisprudence, etc. The whole place had the rickety air that distinguishes a large chicken farm, which, in a way, the university was. At that time—in the winter of 1939—there were over two thousand undergraduates on its rolls, and it was obvious from the rigor and the regularity of their military exercises that they were being fattened for the China slaughter. They formed brass bands that played patriotic Japanese tunes written years before by Germans; they practiced elementary field maneuvers on the university grounds, armed with wooden rods for guns; they held parades in front of a rostrum on which a little officer, looking like a pigeon in uniform, took the salute. I imagine they're all in the Army now.

AN inaugural dinner was given in my honor about a month after my arrival. We assembled in the second-floor banquet room of Sendai's most prepossessing hotel and sat down to a meal which consisted of a small saucerful of vegetables and several bowls of green tea. At the table, I found myself seated next to a shabby man who began by saying, "I am the greatest Mr. Hodgson friend. [Ralph Hodgson was my predecessor.] I come shall and you see every day. I am seismologist. There are over two hundred and forty active volcanoes in Japan." Or did he say two thousand four hundred? I cannot recall. Other things press upon my recollection. For instance, that the banqueting hall had not been heated at all that day and that the temperature must have been about 33° Fahrenheit. The seismologist and several other professors distressed me by failing to sense that their noses were continually running. Finally I was asked to speak, and had just made a remark about poems being the progeny of telegrams and trumpets when the entire edifice went into a shudder. The saucers skirmished about the table and the walls evolved a kind of veiled waver. With some haste, the diners left their places and made for the stairway. The building accentuated its shimmy and I had a sensation of noise at a great distance. Dean Doichi took me by the arm and we scuttled downstairs. Outside, in the darkness, it had started raining. I heard the sounds of departures and hurried farewells in Japanese. The inaugural dinner was over.

THE following day the Dean came over to inquire if I had recovered from my first earthquake. I saw a lot of him after that. He came to my home for tea every afternoon and stayed for about an hour, during which he sat uncomfortably on the edge of the couch and stared over my shoulder at the blank wall. At first I assumed that he spent these periods in daydreaming; then it occurred to me that what I was witnessing was the spectacle of Oriental inscrutability. It had all the appearances of a less impressive condition; indeed, it could easily have been mistaken for mere vacuity. The Dean's spectacles exaggerated his air of abstraction; so did his habit of wearing his trousers open in front.

One day, as he was leaving my house after tea, the Dean said, "I am the Japanese authority on William Blake." Then he told me he had written a thesis on Blake for which he hoped to receive his Doctorate of Literature from Tokio Imperial University and asked me if I would be good enough to go over it. I told him to bring it over the following afternoon. It was a peculiar document, devoted solely to an enumeration of the various symbols of punctuation used by Blake. The Dean had counted the commas and the semicolons and dashes and even the parentheses, but I could not discover why. I said to him, "Dean Doichi, do you propose to establish a theory on Blake's use of punctuation or do you make these assessments merely for mathematical amusement?" He looked cautiously at his hands for some minutes. Then, with deliberation, he said, "Yes." —GEORGE BARKER

•

Elmer A. Johnson, featured soloist and member of the WTAG-NBC orchestra, learned the Hawaiian guitar from native Hawaiians . . . and, among other things, was born on a boat in the middle of the Baltic Sea, while his mother and father were vacationing in Sweden.—*Worcester (Mass.) Telegram.*

Independent little customer, wasn't he?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ORIGINAL MONEY-NO-OBJECK KID

I CAME out of the pool, dried myself, got into my robe, and headed for the bar on the porch to order a cold drink. I made my way through the various groups huddled around the tables—the club is always crowded on Sundays—and looked for a place to sit. At last I found a small table, and I was about to order a drink when my eye fell on the small and dapper figure of Benny Greenspan standing in the doorway.

"Hiya, Benny?" I shouted, and I waved to him to come and join me.

He stood there for a few moments, turning his head this way and that, as if searching for someone, then walked over to my table. "Gotta lotta business on my hands, Artie," he said. "Can't remain here very long."

"You can stay long enough to have a drink." I called a waiter, ordered a Scotch-and-soda for myself, and asked Benny what he wanted.

"I'll have just a plain Collins," he said.

"You mean a Tom Collins," I said.

"Listen, jerk-boy," Benny snapped, "fa what I throw in my own stomick I don't hafta be so strickly formal." He turned to the waiter. "Just a plain Collins," he said.

"Well, Benny," I said after the waiter had left, "I'm surprised to see you here. Don't tell me you're a member?"

"Fa cryin' out loud," Benny said, "you mean you dunno that flesh-peddlers and dogs ain't allowed to jern this very classy club? Say, you musta got in here on a pass." He gave me a quick look of disgust and then turned his head again to examine the various groups on the porch. "Fa your private information and no further," he said, "I'm here to find a certain pardy, Miss Lorraine Baker, her name happens to be. I was over her house in Beverly Hills a liddle while ago and they told me, the servant, she'd be here at the club makin' with the exercise. So far I've searched evvey nook and granny in this dump, but no Miss Lorraine Baker."

"Lorraine Baker?" I rolled the name over in my mind, but I couldn't place it. "Do I know her, Benny?"

"She's under contrack to Regal, but all they got her doin' so far is stuffin' some sweaters and bathin' suits, and they been posin' her fa stills."

"A client of yours?"

"Nah!" he said. "She's got about as much talent in her bones as the first jernt of my pinky." He held up his little finger to illustrate. "No, what I wanna see her about is I got a certain proposition in my mind whereby if she coöperates like I want she should, she can knock down a nice headа cabbitch fa herself with plenty green stuff attached. Of course, the lawyer's fees gotta come outa her pocket, not mine. After all, why should I stand the legal expenses?"

"What legal expenses?" I asked. "What're you talking about?"

"WELL, Artie, all this goes back—lemme see now." Benny noisily scraped his chin with his fingernail and looked heavenward. "Oh, a good three-four months ago, I'd say—maybe five. There I am, see, I'm in my awfice one day and I'm lookin' outa the winda and I'm contemplatin', gee whizz, how can a person make a soft dollar these days what with conditions bein' what they are—you know, the war—and I'm thinkin' to myself, 'What a tough break you got, Benny, with so many my clients in the Army, or, if not, then it's the Navy—what's the diffrince? It's no more commissions either case.'

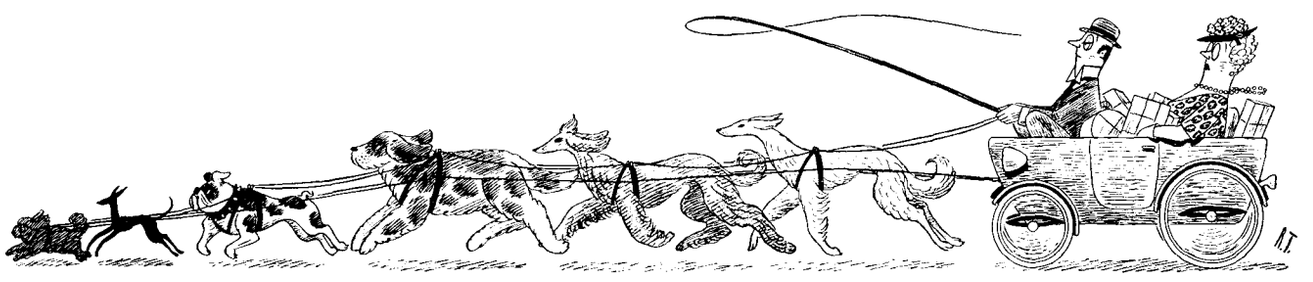
"So there I am, Artie, thinkin' how tough luck is sittin' on my chest like a cute case fomm indigestion when alluva sudden a big boat, a special-body affair with lotsa chronium smeared all over the fixtures, it pulls up downstairs. Then I notice a special-livered chauffeur, he opens the door and a pile of fur comes outa the car. There's a dame buried someplace under all that fur, oney I can't see her. So I keep my peepers glued to the car and I'm contemplatin', boy, how some people are horseshoe lucky, aw right, they can afford a car like that much less the tires these days, when the door of my private awfice opens and my seckatary comes breezin' in very excited-like.

" 'There's a certain pardy outside,' Gussie says, 'who would like to see you.' 'Has she got an apperntment?' I says to her. 'Listen,' she says, 'a person fomm this type calibra with so much ice on her pawrs, she don't need no apperntment.' A smart girl, that Gussie, very brainy, with a movvellous head on her shoulders. 'Come this way, please,' she says, and the next thing I know, this pile of fur, she's in my awfice.

" 'Mr. Greenspan?' she says to me. 'That's correck,' I says. 'I am Mr. Greenspan. What can I do fa you?' 'Mr. Greenspan,' she says, 'I've been recommended that you're the best agent in town. I want you should represent me.' She sheds some of the fur she's loaded down with and I look her over, but I can't figger her out. Represent her fa what? 'Maybe she's a writer,' I think to myself. 'Could be, Benny.'

"Anyways, I says to her, 'In what way you wish I should represent you?' 'In pickchas,' she says. Then she tells me she is inclined along dramatic lines and she wants I should get her a contrack with some studio. Again I look her over and I see her form is not bad. In fack, she got a pretty good build, I might say. Then I look at her face and, readin' in between the lines, I see she musta been pretty good-lookin', but with fast livin' and whatnot some of the looks, they are a liddle shot.

" 'Well,' I says, 'I'd like you to gimme a line about your experience—stage or screen or stock or maybe the radio. Or perhaps,' I says, 'you gave out with the tonsils in some night club. Specifically, what?' Then she says she is gonna be frank and aboveboard with me. Specifically, she's got no experience whatsoever. You hear, Artie? If she was another person, I woulda dusted her right off. Why should I beat my brains out and bust a perfeckly good gut tryin' to place an amachoor? What am I—crazy? But I dunno, I deteck there's somethin' in back of all this, a



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dame with a special-body car and she's drippin' in furs and she's got so many rocks on her hand her fingers are awmost round-shouldered. So, fa no earthy reason at all, I get kinda in-arrested in her and I tell her she should sit down.

"So she sits down and I says to her, 'Well, Miss, it's not gonna be no lead-pipe cinch placin' somebody without no experience, much less trainin'. Now, I don't say it's impossible. Still, at the same time, I don't say it's strickly possible. But before I make a nervous wretch outa myself whereby I'll wind up takin' medicines and whatnot to recuperate me, s'pose you gimme a line on yesself. In other words,' I says, 'what I'm after is a liddle lowdown on your personal backgroun'.'

"At first she din wanna talk. You hear? She just gives out with a hint that evveybody knows her father on account he occupies such a prominent notch in the financial world. Nachelly my curiosity is up. Finey I says to her, 'Now, why not look on me like I'm your personal doctor? Your personal doctor,' I says, 'is not the type man who's a big blabber-mouth, he's gonna spill what he knows all over Hollywood, now is he?' Well, that seemed logical to her, so she begins to talk.

"She tells me—now, get this, Artie—she tells me she is the daughter of Oliver H. P. Hunter, the rope king. You comprehend what that means—Oliver H. P. Hunter, a man with not one but *two* middle initials?" This proved to be a purely rhetorical question, for he quickly supplied the answer. "That means that evvey time a person wraps up a packitch with a piece string, or evvey time some guy commits suicide by hangin' hisself with a hunk rope, it's so much cash in Papa Hunter's register!

"Well, sir, I looked at this girl with my eyes poppin' out. There, sittin' in my private awfice, is the rope heiress herself, a famous socialite in her own name, which happens to be Miss Gwen Hunter. Then she tells me how she had a long talk with the old boy, her father, and she figgered that bein' there's a war goin' on it's about time she stopped horsin' aroun' with the débutantees and the playboys and she got herself a job. So she figgered bein' she's awways had a yen fa actin', why not go to Hollywood and see maybe she could crash the moom-pickcha game? But the old man din like the idear. In the first place he thought the name Gwen Hunter on the screen would make the family look too conspishous. And in the second place he din like the idear of his daughter bein' away fomm home God knows how long. Finey she promised she would use a screen name, Dolores Delmar, and that she'd stay out here oney three months unless she got a job. Otherwise she'd blow back home.

"So there she is, sittin' in my awfice beggin' I should place her over at some studio. Then she tells me she is prepared to pay even more than what is my regella fee. With that she opens up her pockitbook and she takes out a bundle of hay—honestly, Artie, it's so big it could choke a horse. So I just shrunk my shoulders and I don't say anything."

BY this time the waiter was back with the drinks, which he placed before us. As I signed the tab, Benny picked up his glass, took a long sip, and quickly put his glass down with a groan.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I think your bartender musta learned hodda mix drinks in some night school. Boy, is he lousy doong the daytime! Why, this stuff is positively perzin!" I was about to call the waiter back when Benny stopped me. "Skip it, Artie. I oney ordered the Collins just to be sociable in the first place. Now, where was I?

"Oh, yes," he went on. "So I come to the mental conclusion that I got here a dame she's the original money-no-objeck kid. So I promise her I would maul her over in my mind to devise ways and means whereby to make a major studio connection, and we come to terms so in case nothin' pans out why should I be left high and dry after all my trouble. And then I tell her to drop in the next day at the same time.

"The next day at the same time comes aroun' and, sure enough, she drops in. She is still hidin' under a mountain of furs, oney this time it's a diffrint type skin. 'Well,' she says, 'have you come to any conclusion in regards my career?' 'Yes,' I says, 'I have come to a conclusion. Miss Hunter,' I says, and then she in-arrupts me. She wantsa know if I please mind not usin' her family name on account, bein' she's now here in Hollywood, she'd like to go under her screen name, Miss Dolores Delmar. 'O.K., Dolores,' I says to her, 's'pose we get down to brass facks. I gotta handle you diffrint fomm my regella clients on account your non-experience.' I told her we simply hadda devise ways and means whereby evveybody in Hollywood started in wonderin' about her, who she is and where the hell she comes fomm—you know, the mystery-woman angle. Like when she went in some restront or night club or other, people would say, 'Get a loada that number just blew in. My, my! Who is she, I wonder?' 'And how you gonna do that?' Dolores, she asts me. So I told her I gave the matter some thought and up propped an idear. 'Listen,' I says, 'I want you should be seen in all the local spots—at Dave's, at Mike's, and at the two Derbies. I want you should wear your best clothes, the very latest importations. And I want your fingers, they should be simply liddered with rocks. But there's one thing you dassent wear—shoes on your feet!' Artie, she looks at me like bats are runnin' aroun' loose up there in my belfry. 'Mr. Greenspan,' she says, very insulted-like, 'I happen to be the daughter of Oliver H. P. Hunter, not some hog-carrier. I don't come fomm the slumps whereby I can't afford a pair shoes.' Finey I says to her, 'Dolores, calm yesself. With those clothes and furs and ice sprawled all over your fingers, nobody is gonna take you fa a refugee fomm Tobacco Road, believe me. Now, do like I say and make with the bare tootsies. And once I get the studio big shots talkin' about you and wonderin' who in God's name is she, then you leave the rest to me!'"

"What happened?" I asked.

"What should happen?" Benny said, looking somewhat sheepish. "She got herself all dolled up—even got a special manicure fa the toenails on her feet—and she went to Mike's. When she got outa her car to give her special-livered chauffeur his instructions what to do, the next thing she notices, she's steppin' on a lit cigarette, it's on the sidewalk. So she gives out with a scream and she jumps back in the car. So now she's got a burn on her foot, it's the size fomm a half-dollar, maybe a quarter—I forget which. Anyways, she calls me up and she tells me the hell with it, she ain't gonna coöperate no more, not in her bare tootsies, she ain't!

"Well, Artie, a couple weeks lapse by and I stopped wreckin' my brains on account she ain't pesterin' me, just sendin' in her check right on time. Finey, one fine mornin', there I am, I'm readin' my *Reporter* when, lo and behold, I see an item in the gossip column how a certain well-known playboy, he is romancin' Dolores Delmar. Now, I happen to know this character, this playboy, and believe me, Artie, when I say he's a thorough louse fomm his top

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

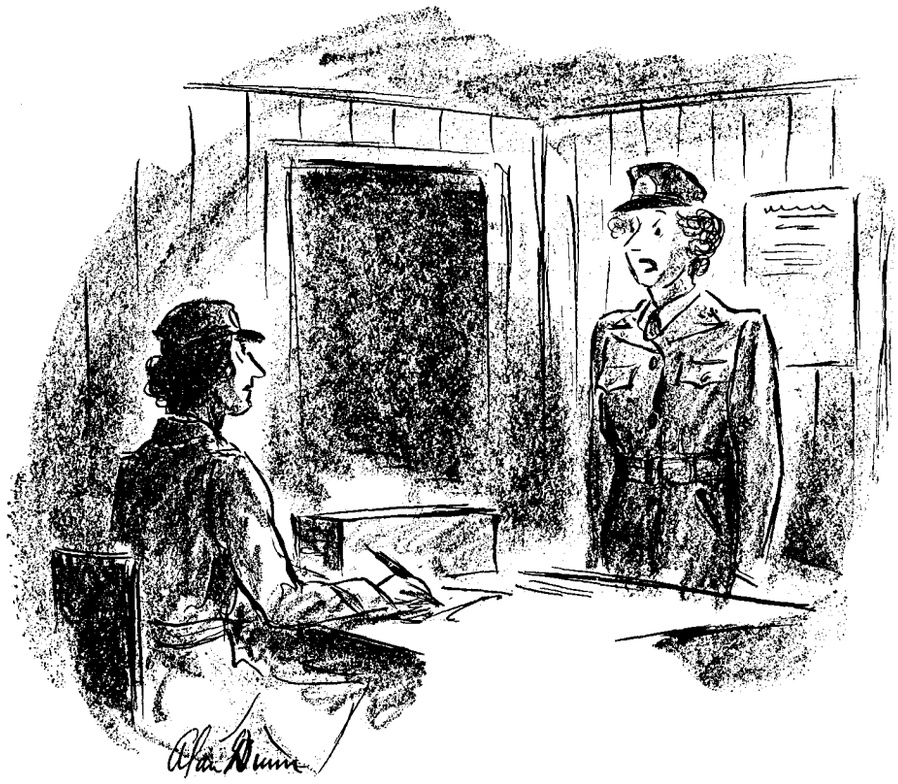
"It was sweet of you to let me bring my car pool!"

• •

to bottom! 'Benny,' I says to myself, 'this is a fine hoddeya do! Here is a dame, your very own client, and she's givin' publicity to this guy, this sheik in wolf's clothes. Benny,' I says, 'you simply gotta break this thing up.'

"Alluva sudden I remember that one of my regella clients, Barry Winters, his contrack was about to expire over at Regal. I figger, now here's a kid who needs a liddle pushin', maybe I can get them to renew, or even maybe bump his salary a liddle. Who knows? So I communicates with Dolores and she comes to my awfice. I tell her very frankly she is doin' herself no good wastin' her time playin' aroun' with this playboy. 'If you really wanna help your career,' I says to her, 'why not be seen aroun' town with Barry Winters? He's gonna be an important name one of these days, just mock my words.' Barry Winters, he's so much Greek to her. You hear? 'I'm not even casually acquainted with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Naturally I wouldn't have gone A.W.O.L. without a very good reason. I just happened to hear that Lord & Taylor's was having a clearance sale, and . . ."

• •

the guy, much less I ever heard of him,' she tells me. 'Leave that to me,' I says. 'That's my department, seein' you meet the right type person and not some wolf who's got half his eye on you and the other half on your dough.'

"Next thing I have a confrince with Barry and I tell him, 'Frankly, kid, it don't look so hot over at Regal. In fack, very luke. What you need,' I says, 'is some flash publicity right away in a hurry. Now, I got an idear, Barry. S'posin' we cook up a romance whereby you break in evvey column in all the papers. Furthermore,' I says, 'I got just the girl, a certain pardy, Miss Dolores Delmar, her name.' 'You must be cuckoo,' he says to me. 'In the first place I awready got a girl, and in the second place I don't know fomm no Dolores Delmars.' 'Look,' I says to him, 'fa your private information and no further, Dolores Delmar happens to be the rope king's daughter, Oliver H. P. Hunter hisself. She's got more marbles than you can shake a stick at. You do like I say, boy, and you'll be in all the papers without it's gonna cost you a single cent. It all goes on her swindle sheet.' 'What about my girl?' he says. 'You tell your girl it's strickly business, see, and when we get the contrack set over at Regal you can drop Dolores Delmar like a hot cake.' That sounded pretty logical to him and he says, 'O.K.' "

"Now that you mention it," I said, "I seem to recall some stories about—"

"Nachelly you recall, Artie!" Benny cried. "There wasn't a single paper that din have somethin' how the two are romancin' each other, Barry and Dolores. In fack, just when I had Regal O.K. the new contrack, that's when Barry comes along and he gimme the finger, the good old double-cross."

"Double-cross?" I repeated, puzzled.

"Sure! He comes in my awfice feelin' very chippy and he says, 'Benny, you liddle Dan Cubit, you, I wanna thank you a million.' 'That's O.K.,' I says. 'I'm oney sorry I couldn't get you a liddle histe in the dough department.' 'Oh, I'm not talkin' about the contrack. I'm talkin' whereby Dolores and me, we're formerly engaged and we're flyin' back East to get hitched at her father's mansion.' 'Listen,' I says, 'you gone nuts or what? You can't leave. Regal got you set fa a movvellous part in a story they just purchased.' 'Benny,' he says, 'I'm through with Hollywood fa good. Dolores convinced me, why should I be a nervous wretch worryin' about options and contracks so long as there'll awways be people to buy her father's merchandize, rope?' In other words, Artie, he's gonna kiss off this industry fa good and he's gonna settle down to bein' the rope king's son-in-lawr. You hear?

"Well, sir, I nachelly congrajalate him and I tell him it's too bad the industry is losin' such a fine talent but I don't blame him if a person can better theirselves. Then I tell him to remember after all I'm the pardy responsible fa the romance, so nachelly I deserve some renumeration bein' I'm losin' two clients, plus the ten per cent evvey week I'd get on the Regal contrack. Artie, he just laughs in my face and says so long, he'll see me in the funny papers, and that's the last time I see that big jerk. He and Miss Gwen Hunter, elias Dolores Delmar, they blow town, leavin' me stuck with all the restront bills the two accumalated. Ironical, huh?"

"Yeah, Benny, my heart bleeds for you," I said, grinning at him.

"Go ahead, stinker, and laugh!" Benny said. "But the last laugh is gonna be on that couple if I get holt of Miss Lorraine Baker. 'Scuse me, Artie," he said, pushing his chair back, "but I gotta nosey aroun' to see if she come in yet."

"What has the Baker girl to do with this?" I asked.

"Oh, she's the dame who was like engaged to Barry before he brushed her off. My lawyers think she got a good case against him on account he elineated her affections. Now, my hunch is that Mr. Hunter is too big a person to let the case come to court. He'll make a settlement, the rope king. That's why I wanna talk it over with Lorraine and maybe we can make a fifdy-fifdy deal, providin', of course, the lawyer's fees come outa her pocket. Listen, I got enough troubles without bein' stuck s'pose she loses."

Benny rose, buttoned his coat, and carefully adjusted the folds of his bright silk scarf. "Well, Artie, thanks fa the Collins. Boy, was it lousy!"

—Arthur Kober

•

London — (AP) — Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden told the House today he had no official information that the Vichy Government was permitting German sailors on French warships.

All the eels of Europe and America are born in mid-Atlantic and return there to breed and die.—*Vancouver Daily Province.*

All the eels and too few of the heels.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROFILES

A REPUTATION IN SWANS

GEORGE DUDLEY TILLEY, a stout man of sixty-one with the jowls of a turkey cock, operates the country's oldest ornamental-bird farm, selling bright and unusual fowl to estate owners, aviaries, and municipal parks, and to motion-picture producers who need birds that will blend properly, like Dorothy Lamour, with exotic flora. Tilley's forty-acre farm is right in the centre of the town of Darien, Connecticut, just back of the town hall and about a five-minute walk from the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad station. "My family has been here sixty-one years," he told me the other day, when I went out to see his place. "I was born in Brooklyn and came here a couple of months after that. The town grew up around us. This is a straggly town, though, so it's not the same as if we were in the middle of New York City." He said this as he led me from his big, brown farmhouse to his office, one of a cluster of single-storied white buildings. The farm was much like a park, wooded and cool, with well-kept lawn and scattered trees. I felt momentarily as though the world were at peace again. Tilley's office was crowded with new, empty bird cages and cardboard boxes of bird feed. Along one wall was a glass-doored cupboard filled with stuffed birds, most of them ducks of one sort or another. Some Audubon prints were hung on another wall, and above the door we entered were pasted hundreds of blue ribbons which I could see had been won at bird shows. Tilley sat down at a big table, which was cluttered with letters, an adding machine, pens, and pencils, and I sat down opposite him. A thrush perched on a wood fence outside and sang a few piccolo notes.

"You know," Tilley said abruptly, "I can comprehend of no reason whatsoever why I should be in the bird business. Nobody in my family ever had the slightest interest in ornithology. I looked up both branches, my mother's and my father's side, and there wasn't one bird-breeder or fancier that I could find among my forebears. My father was a transportation expert. But, do you know, from my earliest recollection I have always been fond of birds. When I was a child in the nursery, even, I had no use for inanimate toys. I was only three, I believe, when I threw a toy baby duck out of my bath. I wanted live ducklings and I set up such a fuss that I got them."

The hankering of the child Tilley for live fowl became stronger as he grew older. He nagged at his father, a British citizen who made yearly vacation trips to London, and the elder Tilley brought him back several chickens from England. "I probably could have got ones just as good at some farm within a mile of here," said Tilley, "but they were from England, and that's what I wanted. I was only five, you know." The experience which set the pattern of Tilley's life occurred when he was seven. "My family took me to the farm show in the old Madison Square Garden. It was there"—he gestured dramatically—"that I saw my first golden Seabright bantams, named, you know, after Sir John Seabright, the manufacturer, as we say, of the breed. It took me off my feet, right off my feet, to see ten small bantams as alike as peas in a pod. You can't imagine the thrill I got, the absolute thrill and kick. I ran and got hold of my father and told him about the identical chickens I'd seen, and before I left that show I owned those chickens.

"It's hard to trace the steps from there to where I became a dealer in rare birds. I was educated to go to Yale, but my health wouldn't permit it, and so I spent more and more time with my chickens. I became interested in field ornithology, too, and while I was still a youngster made this place into a bird sanctuary, which it still is. I got pigeons, and some swans, and other birds. When I was about fifteen I started taking my collection to farm and bird shows and I won so many ribbons that my birds became noted all over the country. People would ask me to get birds for them or sell them some of mine, and the first thing I knew I had so many orders that I had to get order blanks and ledgers to keep track of them, and there I was—in the bird business."

THE bird business is shot to hell these days, Tilley said. The war has curtailed shipments of birds from Africa and South America, because bird exporters seldom can get cargo room on ships needed for goods more vital to a warring world. The supply of swans from Holland and Belgium has been completely shut off. Dealers in London who formerly transshipped birds sent to them from the Orient are no longer doing business. Tilley said he now makes a living by selling bird feeds which he mixes himself, birds and fowl he buys from American breeders and men who have gone into the services and closed up their estates, birds from Central and South America, and Audubon and other ornithological prints. He has more than fourteen hundred old prints in stock; he stages a show once a year and has worked up a good trade in them.

George Dudley Tilley

I asked him if he raised any of the birds he sells. "You might as well ask Tiffany's, when you look at a diamond, if they mined it themselves," he said, "as ask me if I breed these ornamental birds. I import birds that are manufactured in other countries and I sell them. Of course I raise and sell a few pigeons, peafowl, pheasants, and chickens, but they're not very rare. I get some beautiful finches from Mexico and South America now and then. Maybe some will come in tomorrow. Maybe not. I never know."

At this point we were interrupted by a tall woman in a print dress, who knocked at the door of the office. "Can you help me with a canary?" she asked. "I think the poor little thing is egg-bound. When I came downstairs this morning my maid told me it didn't look well, and so I brought it right over here. I'm scared to death when anything goes wrong like this." Tilley invited her in and she entered, followed by an unhappy-looking youth who was carrying a cage covered by a blanket. Tilley took the cage, set it on a table, removed the blanket, opened the little door, and with a quick, deft move grabbed the bird,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which had been sitting dejectedly on a perch. Carefully, Tilley felt the bird with his small, pudgy hands and looked at it through a magnifying glass, which he had picked up from the table. Then he put the bird back in the cage and said he couldn't tell for sure whether the bird was egg-bound or not and that it would be three or four days before he could. He added that the canary looked as if it might have an intestinal cold. He inspected the cage and warned the woman not to put paper on the bottom, as she had been doing, and to use more gravel. Gravel, he said, makes a bird comfortable and is an important part of its diet; paper makes a bird feel uncomfortable. "Paper is not like what a canary walks about on in its native habitat," he said. "Be careful too," he added, "not to leave the bird's cage out in the sun too long. A little sun is good for a bird, but when you leave a cage in the sun it heats up like an oven, and the poor bird can't find any place to get out of the heat."

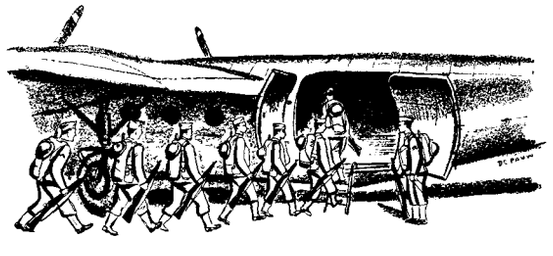
"My stupid maid is always putting the cage in the sun," the woman replied. "She says the bird likes sun."

"What cruelties we humans do in the guise of kindness!" said Tilley.

The woman said she would like to leave the bird with Tilley for a while. He told her he would keep it, but explained that although he would do his best to cure the bird, anything might happen. If the bird turned out to be egg-bound, it might die, and it might die anyway from any one of the many peculiar ailments birds develop. The woman said she still wanted him to care for it for a few days. As she left, followed by the unhappy-looking youth, who hadn't said a word, she asked Tilley to call her when the bird got better.

"See, that's the way it is," said Tilley, as the woman drove away. "A good part of my business is free advice. That woman had never been here before and came here probably because somebody told her about me. I help her, and the next time she wants birds maybe she'll come to me. If she hadn't left the bird with me, I wouldn't have charged her anything. Now, of course, she'll have to pay some trifling amount for board."

TILLEY got up and led me out of another door into a long shed. Pens about twenty feet long, eight feet wide, and extending up to the ceiling lined one side of the building. "For pigeons and finches," he said. They were making an incessant soft, gurgling sound. Tilley pointed out helmet pigeons, jacobins, ringdoves, bronze-colored Archangel doves from Russia, saddlebacks, white and varicolored fantails, bleeding hearts from the Philippines, and Birmingham roller tumblers. The fantails walked with their chests thrown out so far that they looked ready to fall over backward. "People confuse fantails with pouters," Tilley said. "Pouters puff themselves out with air. Fantails are *solid*; they have action and style." The roller tumblers, he said, are favorites of people who keep pigeon cotes on city roofs and fly the birds of a Sunday afternoon. "The breed," he said, "was manufactured in Birmingham, England, and is probably the best type of performing pigeon." He told me that the roller tumblers will, when released on a clear day, fly up almost out of sight, pull in their wings, do a back flip, and come tumbling upside down toward earth. When they get within ten or fifteen feet of the ground, they



POEM FOR THIS YEAR

Crouched behind the broken wall,
you break the spell, lunge into battle.
The field ahead becomes your entire world.

Your body is now the moving target.
You think: Somewhere in the wide field
my bullet is coming to meet me.
It has already left the rifle
and is now invisible to the eye.
Its path is toward my heart.
However I dodge or turn,
it will strike on its straight line!
Will it be quick and taste of metal?
Will it be something far more subtle?

You imagine how you look
and how it will happen to you
and how you will fall and—
Jesus! Here it is at last!

But no, now you're running again
and you will not stop until you are hit—
wish you were wind,
wish you were water,
wish you were mist or air.
You won't die, not you,
you're not in the statistics,
you're the guy that goes on forever,
truth is beauty,
they can't kill truth.
Reload! Fire!

Then your mind becomes white;
no words like pain or love or home;
your mind is a waving flag,
a continent of banners,
while the pounding of your heart
reminds you of your body.

And all your youth is left behind forever;
running in the strange hot sunlight,
the man is born, naked
and entirely mortal now.

—NORMAN ROSTEN

• •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spread their wings and halt their fall, like a parachutist. Then, unlike a parachutist, they soar back up into the sky and tumble down again. Sometimes, Tilley said, an absent-minded pigeon will tumble clear to the ground, landing with quite a thump. He pointed to a bird sitting on a nest built in a box on the side of one of the pens. "That's the male," he said. "The male sits on the eggs in the daytime and the female at night. It's always that way with pigeons."

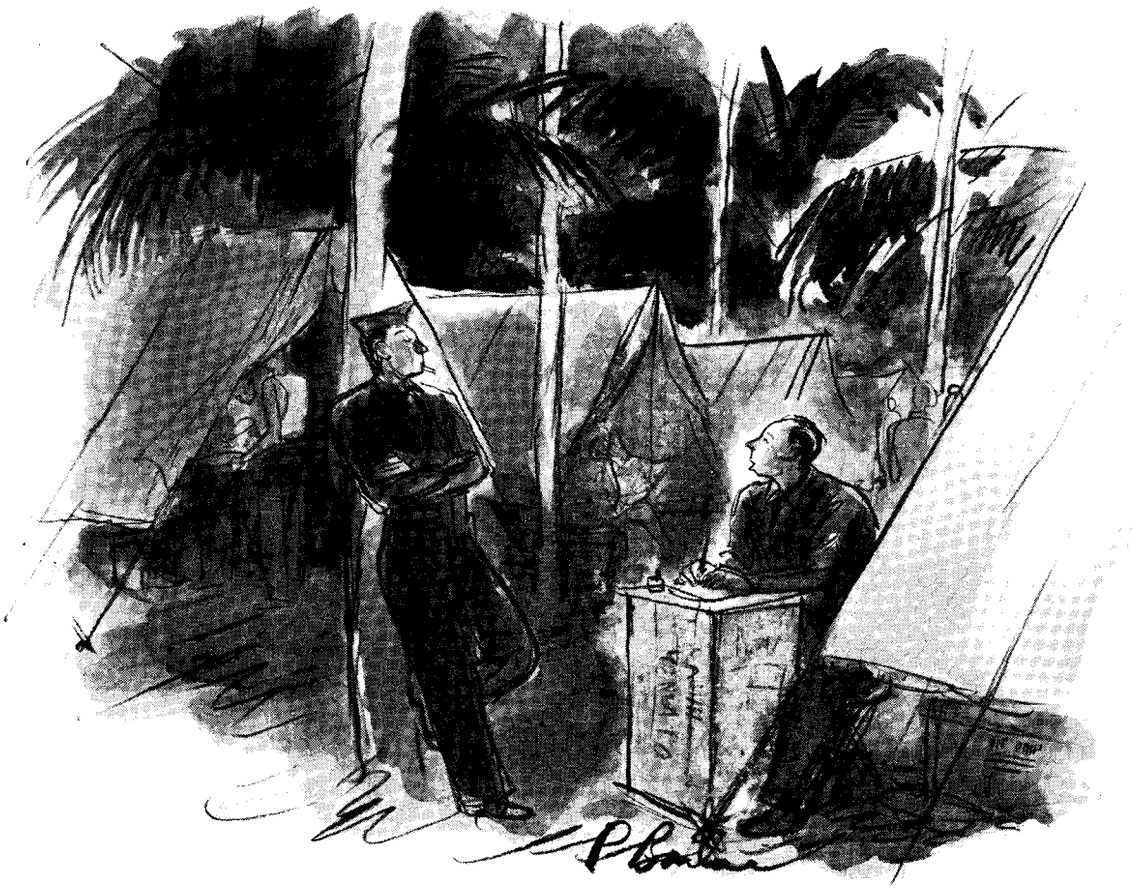
We walked through a door into another shed, where shelves were piled high with pasteboard boxes and there were bins of seed and of a mottled stuff I couldn't identify. "That's food," Tilley said. "Ants' eggs, dried flies, all kinds of delicacies. We mix the feed right here on the farm. We've got a two-year supply right now, but if the war doesn't end before then, we'll have to change the birds' diet. We used to get ants' eggs from Russia, but they don't have any time there now to gather ants' eggs." In another shed we inspected cages housing a Mexican oriole, a weaver finch, a red-and-black tanager from Brazil, a cacique from Central America, some cutthroat finches from Australia, a Norwich canary as big as a robin, and a cardinal from Brazil. They were all bright and nervous and, Tilley said, good singers. Had they been of North American origin, they could not have been caged, he said, because of laws protecting domestic song birds. The weaver finch, an orange-and-black bird, had the build of a starling. It jumped methodically—jump, look, turn, look, jump, look, turn, jump—from one to another of the four perches in its cage. As I stood watching it, Tilley suggested that I take lunch with him, and we started back to the farmhouse.

"You're to take this next door, give it to the doorman, and say it's for the gentleman on the nineteenth-floor terrace who's fond of sun-bathing."

• •

OUR only companion at lunch was Tilley's daughter Peggy, a young sculptress who lives in Darien with her husband. Mrs. Tilley, it was explained, was in New York for the day. One of Peggy's works, which stood in a window in a small library off the dining room, was a rather humorous composition of a mother murre looking at one of its young. A murre is a North American auk. "Peggy," Tilley said, smiling,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"I always try to be cheerful when I write home. The folks are having a pretty tough time, with gas and sugar rationing and blackouts and all that."

• •

"likes to pick unusual birds for subjects. Shows she knows about them." The Tilleys have another daughter, who is married, lives in New Jersey, and has no interest in birds. During lunch, a cacique in a dining-room cage sang several times, its call sounding like four notes on an oboe.

Afterward, Tilley took me to see the outdoor pens on the farm. Our first stop was beside a high fence enclosing an acre or so of trees and bushes. "I just wanted you to pause for a minute," he said sadly, "and look at this paddock where we keep our cranes when we have cranes." The thought of cranes reminded him of the time he bought the collection of the late Homer Davenport, the cartoonist. Davenport had one of the finest flocks of pheasants in the country, and also fifty canvasback ducklings, which are tiny and delicate and hard to keep alive. Tilley went to Davenport's estate in New Jersey, supervised the loading of the birds into trucks, rode back to Connecticut with them, and gingerly placed the baby canvasbacks in a special pen. "It was a terrible ordeal and worry and strain," he said, "but the worst came the next day. There was a little tiny hole in the corner of the pen that nobody had noticed. During the night forty-nine of those little ducklings went through the hole and into the next pen, where I was keeping a giant Saurus crane from India. As the baby ducks went through the hole, the Saurus, which stood bigger than me, gobbled them up one by one, just like picking cherries off a tree." The Saurus, he added, ordinarily eats only grain and fish and leaves its feathered friends alone. "But all cranes are pretty wild," he said. "If you want cranes or herons, you have to put them behind a fence, leave them there, and look at them from outside." Once, he said, a customer who arrived with a half-empty bottle of rye in his hand insisted on buying a crane and taking it home with him. "I loaded it into the man's car," Tilley said tolerantly, "and tied it up so it wouldn't hurt him. I suppose he got home all right. He was a good customer."

From the stockade where there weren't any cranes we walked to a paddock where there definitely were some pheasants. Tilley pointed out a group of mottled-brown, dull-looking birds, which he said were Lady Amhersts. "They're breeding now and we disturb them as little as we can," he said. "We put a male and a female together in the spring and leave them alone as much as possible until the hatch is completed. The males aren't in color yet. You can see where a red feather is sprouting on that bird now. In a couple of months that pheasant will open right up like a flower."

Next we visited some gay-looking English bantams, some sleek little white call ducks from Holland, and some Chinese mandarin ducks, which were red and white and had silly golden tufts that hung down either side of their heads. "The mandarins are purely an ornamental bird," Tilley said. "Purely ornamental. Look fine in the water." Then we walked several hundred yards along a dirt road to the other side of the farm. Tilley pointed out the trees as we walked. There were elms, sugar maples, silver maples, Japanese maples, Irish lindens, and apple, crabapple, oak, hickory, and pignut trees, most of them old and big. We came at length to a pond surrounded by a stone wall and sat on the wall in the shade of a maple, watching waterfowl drift about in the brown water.

Four swans, two of them black, were swimming at the other end of the pond. "There was a time when this lake would be half white with swans," said Tilley, "but I don't have many now. Even those swans there are sold. You know, I made my reputation in swans, but I don't breed them here. This isn't a very good country for breeding swans." The best countries, he explained, were always Holland and Belgium, where, before the war, nearly every peasant family kept a pair. Tales of the viciousness of swans annoy Tilley. "They never hurt anybody," he said. "Why, think of the Thames in London, where there are hundreds of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

swans and thousands of children playing on the banks and in the water, and nobody ever heard of a swan hurting those children, did they? A swan, of course, will defend its nest in breeding season, but so will a chicken, for that matter. Swans fight with their wings. They strike hard, like this." He held his right hand against his chest and flapped his right elbow up and down. One of the swans climbed out of the water onto a little island in the pond. It moved clumsily, lifting its absurd clown's feet and looking somehow mean and stupid. I remarked on this, and Tilley said he couldn't see what I meant. He added that he couldn't understand why a young swan should have been chosen as a subject for the story of "The Ugly Duckling." "They're not ugly," he said flatly, and then smiled. "You know that one time the *Herald Tribune*, in their crossword puzzle, asked for the word for a young swan. I got eighty-seven phone calls from people wanting to know what it was. Kept me up half the night. The name is cygnet."

On our way back to the house we passed pens containing a Chinese golden pheasant in full bloom, with a golden head, red, blue, and yellow feathers, and a four-foot tail; some green-necked, black East Indian ducks; some white-crested Polish fowl, which looked like tall, angry chickens; and a brown Chinese goose with a blatting squawk and an officious air. "You know," said Tilley, as we walked around the house to the front porch, "I had some secretary birds from Africa a few years ago. Big birds with black wings like coattails and tufts over their ears like quill pens. They were snake-eaters. They'd see a snake, sneak up on it, get close, raise up one of those big feet of theirs, come down with it quick, and there'd be the snake—dead as a smelt." Around the same time he also had a seriema from Brazil, a dour-looking gray bird with a hawk's head and an orange-colored bill. One day the seriema got out of its pen and walked down to a drugstore near Tilley's house, and a prankster clerk, unpacking ice cream in the back of the store, gave it some. The bird liked it, and thereafter walked down to the store every day, stood in the back of the place, and yelped, with a sound something like the bark of a fox terrier, until it was fed more ice cream. "Became quite a village character," Tilley said.

WHILE I waited for my train back to New York, Tilley and I sat in the big living room of his house and talked bird business. Birds of paradise, he told me, are about the most expensive of all, selling at retail from $750 to $1,000 each. Artistic people who have money like them, he said. "You know—fine pictures on the wall, fine birds in the garden. I deal with the best people everywhere. You look over my order sheets and you'll see the best names in America, all the finest families. You know, it's only one in a hundred thousand persons you can sell good birds to. Take swans, for instance. First, a man has to like swans. Second, he has to have money, because my swans cost a hundred or maybe a hundred and fifty a pair. Third, a man has to have a waterway for them. Why, I had one man call me after he bought a pair of swans and say that when he put his swans in his pool the water overflowed. A lot of people don't know that a swan has a displacement, like a boat."

Tilley looks indulgently upon the movie industry, which usually seems unduly frantic by the time it calls upon him to furnish fowl. Once, he recalls, he had to get together a drove of forty Chinese geese in two days for some high-strung producer. "I didn't have them, but I knew where to get them," he said. He refuses to rent birds out. "I make them *buy* them. There is no telling what might happen to birds when picture people have them." He sighed. "Birds are perishable merchandise.

"In this business you bump into problems all the time," he continued. "Every time a car drives up in the yard here I get a little excited. Maybe it's somebody that wants to buy a swan or some chickens. Maybe, on the other hand, it's an interior decorator who wants to match a drape with some color of bird."

Tilley went on to say that he found few human traits in birds and that few birds were capricious or difficult to get along with. "The farther along you go in life"—he shook his head—"the tireder you get of the things the public do. You take delivery day, when you take a lot of birds over and install them on a new estate. A man gets some money, he gets himself an estate, then he wants birds. He always invites people to come over and see his birds delivered, and the people stand around and watch with drinks in their hands while you take the birds out and put them in their pens. The people make the birds nervous. The birds are frightened enough at the new surroundings, and then there are all those people talking. That's typical of America. Party for everything, big fuss, showing off. People are peculiar. You know, one time at two-thirty in the morning some people called me on the telephone and wanted to know what to do about a sick fantail pigeon. I asked them if they got the pigeon from me, and they said no. I told them what to do for the pigeon, and the next time these people bought birds, did they buy from me? No. So much for the public." He paused, staring ahead of him. "You know," he said, "if I had my life to live over, I certainly wouldn't get in this business. I would do something else, a profession maybe, and keep birds as a hobby. The trouble with the bird business is that you have to deal with people all the time." —MARK MURPHY

•

GOLD STAR: LINE OFFICER, U.S. NAVY

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are.

Shining on an ensign's sleeve,
Tell me which I may believe:

Is his post a storm-swept perch
Or a desk at 90 Church?

Tell me as you glisten bright
On a shoulder gleaming white,

Does he pace a warship's decks
Or O.K. a pile of checks?

Little star that proudly blazes
From this target of our gazes,

Tell me, does he lead his men
With depth bomb or with fountain pen?

I'm puzzled as each stalwart one
Joins the throng at Twenty-One:

Does he answer "Battle Stations"
Or letters headed "Press Relations"?

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are:

Do you mark a fighting man
Or, perhaps, a writing man?

—ELEANOR HART

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE THEATRE

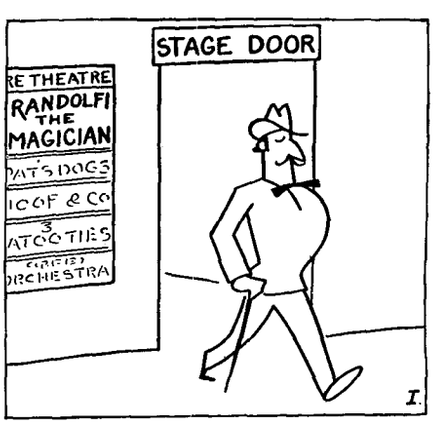
ONE BEST BET

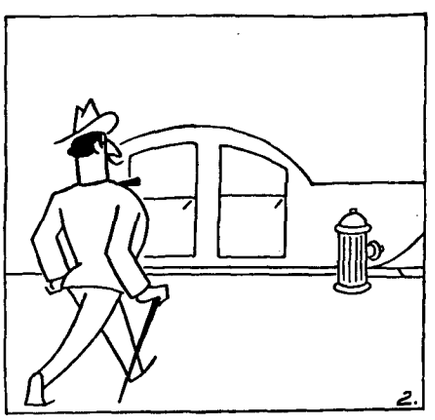
CUSTOMERS looking for an intelligent comparison between "Yip, Yip, Yaphank," which happened a quarter of a century ago, and "This Is the Army," which opened Saturday night at the Broadway Theatre, had better consult more venerable authorities. I remember Irving Berlin's bugle song, of course (and how earnestly it was rendered by a mandolin club with which I happened to be affiliated), and "Mandy," and quite a number of remarkably hairy warriors dressed up as chorus girls, but on the whole, like the sinking of the Lusitania, it is less an actual memory than a legend. "This Is the Army," therefore, will have to be considered under the heading of new material, without scholarly reference to cycles of history or the stage.

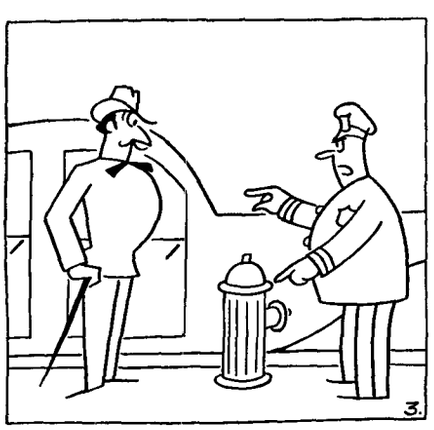
On this basis, it seems to me that Mr. Berlin's new show is lively, heartening, and probably the most exciting thing to see in town. In the first place, tossing any possible artistic merit out of the window, it is quite an experience to see enlisted men played by men authentically enlisted rather than by those sensitive types thoughtfully classified by the government as 4F. In the second, it is gratifying to be able to report that the performers at the Broadway have no need whatever of that indulgence customarily granted to a semi-professional enterprise. I don't know how many of the seventy-five or so actors who turn up in "This Is the Army" have previously appeared on the stage, but the percentage isn't very high. I can't, however, recall one of them who gave me that feeling of sad embarrassment so often brought on by overzealous amateurs. In the third place, Ezra Stone, perhaps the most affable-looking sergeant in his country's service, has directed his sizable company with style, humor, and a valuable sense of when enough is enough that ought to make his old employer, George Abbott, very proud of him. And, finally, Mr. Berlin's music, while it may be apt to fall a little quaintly on modern ears, is just about perfectly suited to its purpose, being brisk, martial, honestly sentimental, and certainly not hard to whistle on your way home. You may be inclined to doubt that the thoughts of the average combat pilot are indeed exclusively concerned with love—to pick on one song that I'm obliged to admit I couldn't admire—but there is no denying that it has a pretty, plausible sound on the stage and a tendency afterward to stick in your head. I doubt if Mr. Berlin has written anything this time likely to eclipse "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," but he has done a very handsome job just the same.

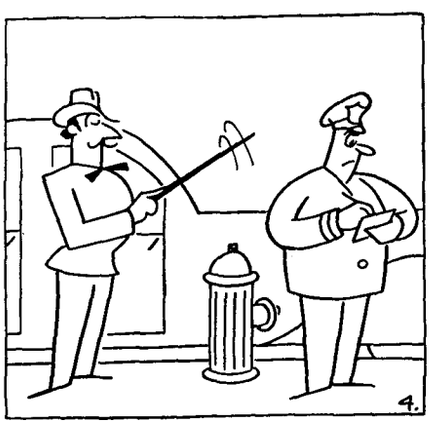
The virtues of "This Is the Army" are much too long to catalogue. The finest number, I think, is "Stage Door Canteen," a sketch by First Class Private James MacColl, in which the boys impersonate such majestic figures of the theatre as Jane Cowl, Vera Zorina, Noel Coward, the Lunts, Joe Cook, and Gypsy Rose Lee. This is very funny and accurate caricature, neatly written and admirably played by a detail including Sergeant Stone and Privates Alan Manson, Joe Cook, Jr., Julie Oshins, and Tileston Perry. Almost as well, I liked "That Russian Winter," a saga of the Eastern Front; "Aryans Under the Skin," a Nazi-Japanese love feast, a good deal funnier than it may sound; and a miniature vaudeville show, involving magicians, jugglers, and acrobats, which clearly demonstrated to me that ours is the most versatile army in the world. Former Sergeant Berlin, assisted by six sprightly survivors of the original company, sings his famous song, and this, if not one of the great artistic events of the season, is incontestably the most moving. Altogether, "This Is the Army" is quite a show. If I had my way, everybody in it would be a general by now.

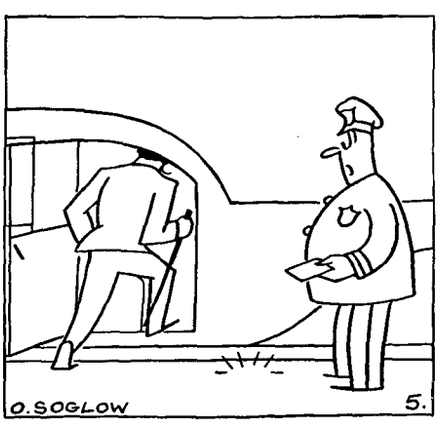
—WOLCOTT GIBBS











LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I've found ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS with Lux Soap the best care for my skin!"

Constance Moore

"It's Lux Soap for me — ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS are a wonderful help in keeping skin smooth"

Benay Venuta

TWO QUEENS OF BEAUTY — these golden Amazons of the musical hit "By Jupiter." With complexions delicate and smooth enough to melt the stoutest warrior's heart.

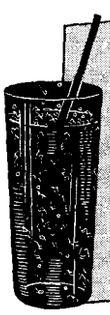
Here's their ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL that makes it easy to give skin gentle, cherishing care: Pat Lux Toilet Soap's rich, creamy lather lightly in. It's ACTIVE lather that swiftly removes stale cosmetics, every trace of dust and dirt. Rinse with warm water, then a dash of cool. Pat your face with a soft towel to dry. Now touch your skin—see how soft and smooth it feels.

Try this beauty care for 30 days—discover why stage and screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap regularly!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3 TIPS FOR HOT WEATHER

For those torrid days when a long, cool drink is the first order of business—here is a trio that hits right in the middle of the thirst bull's-eye. Mix one—or order one—and challenge the heat to do its worst.



TOM COLLINS
ANGOSTURA

Juice of one lemon
1 teaspoon fine granulated sugar
2 oz. dry Gin
Angostura Bitters—sufficient to give drink nice rich pink color.
Cracked ice—shake and pour unstrained into a Collins glass.
Fill with carbonated water and stir slightly.

PLANTER'S PUNCH

1 oz. fresh lime juice
2 teaspoons fine granulated sugar
3 oz. West Indies Rum
5 dashes Angostura Bitters
Shaved ice—shake vigorously and pour unstrained into Collins glass, fill with chilled carbonated water, stir slightly. Garnish with slice of lemon and dust with nutmeg. Serve with straws.

RUM COLLINS
ANGOSTURA

Juice of one lemon
1 teaspoon fine granulated sugar
2 oz. West Indies Rum
5 dashes Angostura Bitters
Cracked ice—shake and pour unstrained into a Collins glass.
Fill with carbonated water and stir slightly.

ANGOSTURA Dr. Siegert's
BITTERS
A TONIC APPETIZER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"

ANGOSTURA-WUPPERMANN CORP.
304 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y.
Send For Free Mixing Guide

LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 5 (BY CABLE)

THE mood of the moment here can, alas, best be summed up in the disgruntled British wartime phrase "browned off." The most thorough browning off of Londoners since the fall of Singapore hasn't been reflected in any spectacular way. No anxious crowds have collected in Downing Street, and there have been few impassioned words except in Westminster. People go about their work and their amusements, queue up in the food shops, and buy their evening pennyworth of bad news from Egypt, all with complete surface calm. The average man, patiently and courageously getting on with the job while hoping to goodness that his leaders know theirs, has simply been conscious for the past grave week of a feeling of discomfort, like a sort of perpetual mental indigestion. Unfortunately, the remedy for this particular malady, which would be a socking British counterattack, doesn't yet seem to be at hand; on the contrary, the public, though hoping, naturally, to see Rommel's weekend troubles increase, shrewdly suspects that the press, by its series of brisk pronouncements that the fall of Alexandria would be serious but not disastrous, is trying to prepare people for fresh pangs right ahead.

Bewilderment has been the outstanding national emotion ever since Tobruk, which had come to stand for the unbreakable tenacity of man's spirit in the minds of all Britons, was taken with the seeming ease of shattering a child's toy fort. Astounded Britons, who couldn't believe their ears, realized with anger that they had only too readily believed their eyes, which had assured them, thanks to the newspapers, that everything was going well, that the British forces in Libya were superior in equipment to the enemy's, and that the R.A.F. had complete control of the air. If such was the case, reasons the average uninformed citizen, it is difficult to understand what suddenly overcame the fighting men, in whom the public still believes. The no-confidence debate in Parliament didn't throw light on what had or had not been done by individuals or committees here to make sure that the English troops had up-to-date sinews of steel as well as old-fashioned hearts of oak. As a means of assuring the rest of the world, and particularly the United States, that this family, though it couldn't be called happy at the moment, is at any rate sternly united, the overwhelming vote in Mr. Churchill's favor was certainly eloquent. Here at home it was possibly unnecessary, as the English are perfectly familiar with their own misleading habit of grousing about their leaders in the corner pub while remaining fully determined to fight behind those leaders to the last ditch.

Though the corner pubs have had their full quota of grousers, and though the question of whether the Premiership was in danger of passing to Cripps or Eden may have been raised at a few dinner tables, the threat of a major political shakeup no doubt looked more imminent from a distance than it really was. The bulk of the population, particularly in the loyal rural areas, which haven't time or patience for the loose political chatter of city folk, hoped that the Prime Minister would somehow be able to explain away the inexplicable. The speech of his leading critic, Sir John Wardlaw-Milne, lost in effectiveness because of its surprising suggestion that a present-day royal duke might, as did the Duke of York of the old nursery rhyme, march up a hill with ten thousand men rather than follow them at a discreet distance in a staff car full of brass hats. Judging by the reception of the House and the comments of the public, a nursery rhyme is just now the most likely place for such martial royal excursions.

What did emerge from the debate was the Prime Minister's insistence on retaining his office as Defense Minister. Although he suggested that the whole rumpus over this had been artificially stimulated by the press, there's no doubt that plenty of disturbed Britons feel, without any guidance, that something is very wrong with the present setup. Now that the current reverse has followed the already sadly familiar pattern laid down for all democratic reverses—military disappointment, angry debate, sweeping vote of confidence—the ordinary people can only trust that this one will differ by being more profitable than earlier bitter educational experiences seem to have been.

THE most heartening thing to the observer here during the recent black days, which have also been saddened by the fall of Sevastopol and made tense by waiting for the next Egyptian

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

communiqué, has been the behavior of the ordinary people themselves. What they have been through in the last six months has been less noisy, perhaps, but no less wearing to the spirit and nerves than were the bad times of 1940, when the bombs were falling. In the present ordeal, civilians have had to listen to the monotonous falling of British arms and strongholds abroad while being harassed at home by rising prices, dwindling business, increasing curtailment of liberty and comfort, and anxiety about their menfolk overseas. It's good, and to the Axis it should be profoundly discouraging, that the public has refused to become defeatist even under the impact of defeats that in a more excitable country might have resulted in governments and heads being broken. On the morning after the news arrived that Tobruk was lost, a seedy Londoner in a bus summed up the general point of view nicely by saying to a crony, "I can't rightly see at the moment exactly how we're going to win, but if anyone told me we wasn't, I'd bust out larfing." This quiet and dogged confidence in themselves which the people of England can feel at such a time is worth a good deal more than all the votes counted at Westminster.

In these grave days, Londoners have been glad to be able to find something to crack a smile, however grim, about. It seems that some earnest fact-finding agency, keeping its finger on the national pulse, saw fit to circulate a little house-to-house questionnaire to find out the public's reactions to the Army, which at best has never enjoyed the great popular kudos bestowed upon the Air Force and the Navy. One of the questions asked was whom the householders fancied as the outstanding general. Naturally, the agency meant a British general, but a horribly large and candid proportion of Britons picked up their pens and regretfully, though with their countrymen's typical admiration for a first-class performer in any game, wrote "Rommel."

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

Chicago, June 11 (AP)—Harry Swarts, head of a downtown jewelry firm, and his wife, Dolly, reported to police they surrendered jewelry valued at $33,550 to three robbers early today in front of their South Side hotel. Swarts said the loot included a platinum bracelet set with 426 diamonds, valued at $19,000. They became mothers of girls.

—*Boston Herald.*

In the excitement?

The Americas Agree on BACARDI!

ARGENTINA . . . No. 4 of a series of Latin-American sketches. The Gaucho, illustrated here, is the Argentinian counterpart of the North American cowboy

You can't go looking **at labels every time you order a drink. But it isn't difficult to tell the difference between Bacardi and *subterfuges* by the taste! Smart pouring places know that you know—and know it's good business to serve what you deserve.**

Bacardi is wonderfully versatile—almost *a bar-in-a-bottle!* Use it to make *the incomparable Bacardi Cocktail,* of course . . . the delicious *Cuba Libre* . . . the ever-popular *Bacardi Collins* . . . the *Bacardi Sour* . . . the *Bacardi & Soda* . . . and *Bacardi straight* — as they like to drink it in the land of Bacardi.

IT'S FULL 89 PROOF FOR FULL FLAVOR!

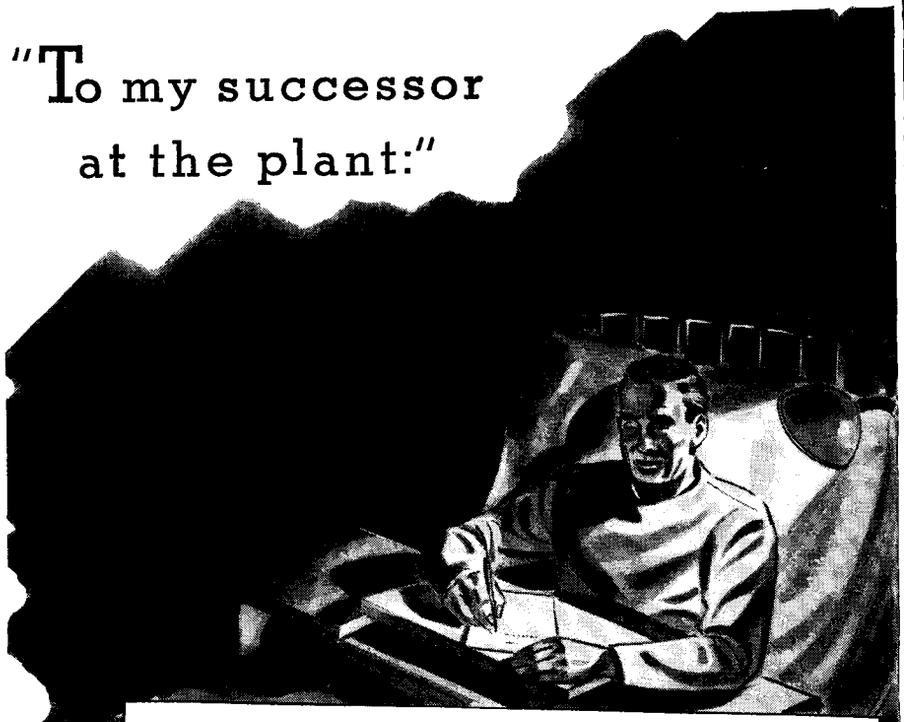
BACARDI

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING!

Rum 89 Proof — Schenley Import Corp., New York, N.Y. Copyright, 1942

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"To my successor at the plant:"



Dear Sir:

While I'm recuperating from a nervous breakdown and you've taken my place at the plant, I'd like to tell you that you're taking on many headaches and heartaches. But I can promise that you'll be recompensed by knowing you are contributing something of real value to our Victory effort.

But, because "being forewarned is forearmed," a word of caution to prevent your finishing up in a hospital, too. In my anxiety to produce as much as possible, I forgot that the human system needs relaxation and brief time-out periods, in order to keep in shape. I forgot that my efficiency would be increased by taking a few simple precautionary measures to safeguard my health...my eating and sleeping habits, for instance, and my total lack of exercise all contributed to this breakdown.

If not formal sports, then daily setting-up exercises, or frequent long walks, in addition to correct living habits, is my hard-learned prescription for more production, and more efficiency.

Try it--I'm sure you'll agree!

Sincerely,

Jim Brown

JOHNSON SUTURE CORPORATION
5001 West 67th Street • Chicago, Illinois

Chrome-Twist
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TENNIS GUT

OF ALL THINGS

THE Russians claim that 105,000 Nazis were killed in the Sevastopol campaign, but Hitler does not worry about such matters. That's why Germans were born.

•

Last week's news from Africa was gloomy enough, but there was one comforting thought. Field Marshal Rommel did not find Egypt as pleasant a place as he expected.

•

For some reason, not many articles have been published lately warning us against complacency. Perhaps the writers specializing in them have gone on their vacations.

•

New York State is doing better than might have been expected. Governor Lehman has presented us with a surplus of $54,000,000 and a pair of old tennis shoes.

•

Illinois thumbs its nose at the Gestapo by calling a town Lidice. Thus the name which the Nazis thought they had extinguished will be mispronounced for all time.

•

In this region, the sale of the five-dollar automobile stamps fell below the government's estimate. The explanation is that many motorists have decided to become stationary engineers.

•

Reports from the New York front indicate that Wendell Willkie's position has become stabilized. He is not running for the governorship or from it.

•

Those German saboteurs, we are told, came ashore in rubber boats. The question that naturally arises is: Did the WPB get the boats?

•

At the present time, the war is costing us each $1.15 a day. We pay thirty-seven cents down and the rest on easy payments, forever and ever.

•

The British deny that there has been any air truce involving London and Berlin. Both nations still believe in capital punishment.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

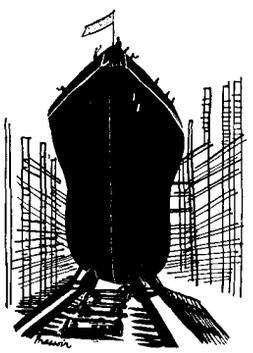
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEVEN ROOMS, UNFURNISHED

"HARRY is going to Washington," a letter I read at breakfast said, "and Carol and the kids are going with him. I don't know where they think they'll all live."

Oh, well, I reflected with comfortable optimism, they'll manage. And then the thought struck me: In this struggle for household existence which life in Washington has become, there must be someone, more probably there are several people, living in my old house in Georgetown. What is more, they doubtless rented it in the full possession of their senses and paid a thumping sum for the privilege. We have a good deal in common by now, those poor souls and I. We have shared a rare and unimaginable experience.

I leased the house from France, sight unseen, on the strength of an advertisement that a friend at home clipped from the "For Rent" columns of the Washington *Star*. The house was on a court, it said, behind a quiet old Georgetown street. There were seven rooms, and the rent was incredibly low. I cabled my friend, "Proceed, unstore furniture, wonderful." Seven rooms sounded rather a lot, but I supposed that I could get things in second-hand shops to eke out my modest scarcity. So, arriving tired and plagued by the countless small pieces of luggage that always spawn in my wanderings, I was shaken to find that I couldn't get into the place because it was full of my furniture. The seven rooms were there, all right, as I learned when I finally got the barricade broken down, but you could have carpeted any one of them with a pocket handkerchief, for the house had been remodelled, without additions, from a very small stable, the Victorian equivalent of a one-car garage. The remodelling had been done, I was told eventually, by the landlord's mother. She had been given *carte blanche*, as a therapeutic experiment. There was considerable hope at the outset, the renting agent told me, that it might steady her mind.



The front door opened directly into the dining room, an arrangement that became especially complicated in stormy weather. On the wall near the head of the table were a hot-water heater and a large copper boiler; opposite, and within easy reach of the chair at the foot, was a washbasin with running hot and cold. This obviated the need for finger bowls.

In the living room, which was at the right of the dining room, a little staircase with an ornamental balustrade ran up the rear wall and was cut off at the top by a trapdoor. This made it possible for a person in the living room to prevent anyone upstairs from leaving the house except by an upper window. I never used the device, but it was nice to think about.

The room on the left of the dining room was a combined bathroom and butler's pantry, romantically lighted by stained-glass windows in Gothic frames. It contained, among other things, a large kitchen sink, which was fortunate, as there was none in the kitchen; there was quite a row of deep, soapstone laundry tubs in the kitchen, but no sink. The law of compensation had, however, been well applied throughout the house, and in the bathroom there was no washbasin. It lacked nothing else, either in historic interest or curious convenience. The water closet was a delightful blend of the Old World and the New, its modern base of porcelain and white enamel being flushed by a trap in a fumed-oak casing right up under the ceiling, from which depended a good two and a half yards of the classic brass chain of childhood memory. The bathtub was sheathed in the same fumed oak, and it was fitted up with another trapdoor on the top.

Anyone who has never enjoyed a bathtub with a trapdoor can hardly imagine its versatility. It provides a large and useful table, or even, in emergency, an extra bed. To the bather surprised by unexpected guests, it offers prompt and modest seclusion. And you don't know a thing about overtones until you try songs and recitations in a tub with the lid down. It is just like being inside a tuba.

There was nothing more downstairs, but, indeed, one wanted nothing more, not even space. It was remarkable how many cocktail guests you could get on the staircase, particularly if you kept the trapdoor open.

Upstairs was a small chapel (the landlord's mother must have had some stained glass left over from the bathroom), a sunporch, and the bedroom. The stairs debouched by the bed, but the room made up for its lack of privacy by two unusual luxuries, a handsome modern kitchen sink and, in one corner, a faithful copy of an outdoor privy. Two walls of this little building jutted out into the room and were clapboarded, the plumbing within was screened with wood to simulate rustic simplicity, and all the free space of its inner walls was covered with built-in bookcases to the ceiling.

This catalogue of madness doesn't convey fairly the real quality of the house. It was, as I found out in time, a place to which one became curiously attached, and not simply as to a standing joke, either. It was bizarre without being inconvenient; it was odd but not ugly. It was incontestably small. I remember how a Christmas tree once filled the living room so that, for the twelve days from Christmas Eve to Epiphany, I felt like a deer in a virgin forest. But I am not large myself, or claustrophobic, and somehow the house's smallness suited it. It was miniature rather than cramped; its size was deliberate and all a part of its sinister nursery charm.

AFTER I had lived there a few weeks, Mother Crowley, the inspired architect, took to dropping in on me, waveringly the first time, after that with assurance. She never knocked. Instead, I would hear her calling from the dining room, "Don't you hurry what you're doing. I'll just set here and wait. Got something to ask you."

As I came down the stairs there she would be on the little, button-backed love seat in the corner, looking as delicate, as wild and bewildered, as an old canary lost from its cage. She must have weighed about ninety pounds, and in a greenish-black cape, a small, sorry fur piece, and a shapeless turban she was shabby to the point of caricature. But she was never sluttish. Her white hair was unstreaked with yellow, her nails and knuckles immaculate.

"Won't keep you but a minute," she'd say. "It come to me in the night—why don't we squeeze a shower into the kitchen over by the tubs? Or would you druther it was down cellar by the you-know-what?"

In the beginning I was frightened by these suggestions, but I soon found out that, like the Queen's beheadings, it was all her fancy, and the little, bright, flat voice saying "You to home?" became an unmixed pleasure.

Poor Mother Crowley! She was so very old I suppose she must be dead and gone a long time now, but I can still see her vividly. Something in her clear-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sonja Henie & Arthur M. Wirtz present

A New Musical Icetravaganza

"Stars on Ice"

100 Celebrated Skating Champions

CENTER THEATRE, Rockefeller Center. CO. 5-5474

AMERICA'S ONLY ICE THEATRE

Evgs. incl. Sun. 8:40. Matinees Wed., Sat. & Sun.

50c to $1.50 at all Performances except Sat. Eves. 50c to $2.50 | Plus Tax

No Mon. Perf. Mail Orders Promptly Filled

ALWAYS COMFORTABLY COOL

WIMAN and RODGERS

In association with Richard Kollmar

Present

RAY BOLGER

in

"BY JUPITER"

A New RODGERS and HART Musical Hit

Based on "The Warrior's Husband"

By Julian F. Thompson

with

CONSTANCE MOORE · BENAY VENUTA · RONALD GRAHAM

SHUBERT Thea., W. 44th St. • CI. 6-5990

Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wednesday & Saturday 2:30

ED WYNN in his

Uproarious Vaudeville Show

"LAUGH, TOWN, LAUGH!"

JANE FROMAN • CARMEN AMAYA

SMITH & DALE • EMIL COLEMAN

ALVIN, 52 St. W. of B'way. AIR-COND.

Eves. at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Thurs., Fri. and Sat. at 2:30. Sun. 2:30, 5:30 & 8:30

"One of the notable events of the spring season." —*Time Magazine*

EVA LeGALLIENNE • JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

UNCLE HARRY

BROADHURST Thea., W. 44th St. *Air-cond.*

Eves. 8:40—55c-$3.30. Mats. Wed. and Sat.

"Beautiful and exciting! . . . a smash hit."—*Richard Watts, Jr., Her. Trib.*

George Gershwin and DuBose Heyward's

PORGY AND BESS

MAJESTIC Thea., W. 44th St. Air-Cooled

Eves. including Sunday. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

SHEPARD TRAUBE, in association With Alexander H. Cohen, presents

ANGEL STREET

By PATRICK HAMILTON

VINCENT PRICE · JUDITH EVELYN · LEO G. CARROLL

GOLDEN Thea., W. 45th St. Air-Cooled

Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

OLSEN & JOHNSON

in

SONS O' FUN

"Craziest succession of laughs ever . . ." —LIFE

WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St. Mats. SAT. & SUN. $1.10—$2.75. 2 SHOWS SUNDAY

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE

A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING

with LAURA HOPE CREWS & ERICH von STROHEIM

FULTON, W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Air-Conditioned

eyed, mad little face created a real if irrational tenderness.

After I left Washington the house dimmed rapidly in my mind, like a dream. It made a good story, though. Once every year or so I'd find myself telling about it, and as it is with stories too often told (although I always stuck to facts), I came gradually to disbelieve in it myself. Then, some three years ago, at cocktails in Boston, I was interrupted at my second sentence by a couple who substantiated me in every word and even fetched up details that I had forgotten: the fact that no single window in the house matched any other, that the living-room floor was neither wood nor cement but a peculiar composition that defied analysis and scouring powder alike, and so on and on. They had spent a few infuriated months there a year earlier. Like me, they had rented sight unseen.

"The thing I could *not* get over," the woman said, "was this. The front porch, if you could call it that, was simply falling down and we had a man come to fix it at our own expense. When he took up the flooring, what do you suppose he found? *Four* water closets!"

The house in Georgetown was, as I see now, fine for me in the footless and ingrown twenties, when we had time for that sort of thing. It was, in fact, the perfect house in which to sit about, as mimsy as a borogove, and wait to be fed by ravens. But it will be a strong soul that can cope with Mrs. Crowley's trapdoors and plumbing for the duration. —VICTORIA LINCOLN

•

THE ANGRY OLD MEN

I volunteered to be a human bomb,
Dropping with TNT on
Berchtesgaden.
Instead, I give my rubbers. (Wife, keep
calm!
They're rather sodden.)

How gladly, in a two-man submarine,
I'd slip through Yokohama mine
fields sleekly!
At any rate, I'll cut my gasoline.
(Four gallons weekly.)

Or in some mad commando I would
fall,
Wielding the glorious lightnings of
destruction.
Anyway, here's my income tax. (With
all
Proper deduction.)

—MORRIS BISHOP

MAX GORDON HITS

"A HONEY OF A SHOW" —Walter Winchell

MY SISTER EILEEN

BILTMORE, W. 47 St. CI 6-9353

Every Eve. except Tues. 8:40

MATINEE Sat. 2:40. Sun., 3 P.M.

Air-Conditioned

"Buoyant, giddy & funny" —*Atkinson, Times*

JUNIOR MISS

LYCEUM, 45 St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40. Air-Conditioned

THE CRITICS' PRIZE PLAY

John C. Wilson *presents*

Clifton WEBB ★ Peggy WOOD ★ Leonora CORBETT ★ Mildred NATWICK

BLITHE SPIRIT

NOEL COWARD'S best Comedy

BOOTH, W. 45th St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Air-Cooled

"IT'S SUPER-DUPER" —*Coleman, Mirror*

MICHAEL TODD'S

STAR AND GARTER

Staged by HASSARD SHORT

Bobby Clark · Gypsy Rose Lee

MUSIC BOX, 45 St. W. of B'way

Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

JOHN GOLDEN *announces*

1000 AIR-COOLED SEATS 25c to $1

For all performances of

Claudia

By ROSE FRANKEN

ST. JAMES THEA., 44th St. W. of B'way

Eves. Incl. Sun. at 8:40 (No perf. Mon.)

Matinees Wed. & Sat. 25c to $1 TOP.

THE ALL-AMERICAN 5-LETTER FEMALE AT WORK in

GUEST IN THE HOUSE

"A cheerful experience—you'll enjoy it." Wolcott Gibbs, New Yorker

PLYMOUTH, W. 45th. Air-Cooled

Evs. inc. Sun. 8:40. Mat. Wed. & Sat.

MOTION PICTURES

ALL SEATS RESERVED!

JAMES CAGNEY

IN THE STORY OF GEO. M. COHAN

WARNER BROS. TRIUMPH

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY

HOLLYWOOD

B'way at 51st • Circle 7-5545 • Air-Conditioned

3 Performances Saturday & Sunday 2:30, 5:30 & 8:45 • TWICE DAILY MON. THRU FRI. 2:45 & 8:45

Prices inc. Tax, WEEK-DAY MATS 83c to $1.10 • Sat. & Sun. Mats $1.10 to $1.65 • All Eves. $1.10 to $2.20

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

Rockefeller Center

HELD OVER—SIXTH WEEK!

Greer GARSON • Walter PIDGEON

"MRS. MINIVER"

From JAN STRUTHER'S Book • An M-G-M Picture

GALA STAGE REVUE • SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

First Mezzanine Seats Reserved Circle 6-4600

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTES ON SPORTS

Actors with Sinews

THE world of sport has overflowed into the theatre lately, and it is certainly the duty of such departments as this to pitch in and lend a hand to dramatic critics, who are a sedentary lot and doubtless at a loss in the face of all this sudden vigor. Two current shows—"Stars on Ice," at the Center Theatre, and "Laugh, Town, Laugh," at the Alvin—will be touched on in this week's review.

No tippets or mittens are worn by the ice skaters over at the Center. Some of the girls, in fact, seem to be making no more effort to keep warm than the law, with its fatherly solicitude, requires them to. Furthermore, the spectators, who are bundled up in street clothes, are constantly fanned by a cooling system. Of course, this is all merely a furtherance of the unrugged trend that first became evident at Sun Valley, Idaho, where it is warm enough to skate and ski in a bathing suit or less. The man who goes outdoors in zero weather for his winter sports nowadays is considered not only unusually virile but a dope. However, this modern spirit, though effete, has something to be said in its favor. Aided by the invention of indoor freezing apparatus, it has led to shows like "Stars on Ice," which is a really tolerable spectacle.

A couple of the members of the cast are living proofs that skating is practically a tropical sport. Miss Carol Lynne learned her stuff in California, and Miss Twinkle Watts, a seven-year-old prodigy on ice, lives in Florida and probably thinks that frostbite is some kind of ice cream that you eat off a stick. Incidentally, Miss Watts is also a prodigy on land, in a bowling alley. She is said to have once bowled a string of 254. Other, older athletes in the show are Freddie Trenkler, who doesn't regard life or limb as indispensable; The Four Bruises, who are also cavalier in their treatment of the law of gravity; and Miss Mary Jane Yeo, who can even sing a little as she describes a figure eight. One of the best numbers is called "The Three Rookies," which shows what drilling can be like on a slippery surface.

There are some very pretty costumes in "Stars on Ice," as well as enough attractive womanhood to interest the non-

EVEN THOUGH YOU INHALE..

NO WORRY

ABOUT THROAT IRRITATION!

SURE you inhale. All smokers do—sometimes. So play safe with your throat.

Look at this . . . a vital difference found and reported by eminent doctors who compared the leading favorite cigarettes:

SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED *MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING*—AND THEIR IRRITATION *LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG*—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

This *exclusive, proved protection* means—*no worry about throat irritation*—even when you do inhale!

BECAUSE YOU DO INHALE

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S *Finest* CIGARETTE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LARGEST SELLING RUMS IN THE UNITED STATES

"A Rum to Remember"

FREE! Write for your copy of Carioca's handsome party booklet: "Recipes and Toasts for Popular Hosts"

Import Division
AMERICAN SPIRITS Inc.
30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y.
Dept. B-6

skating laity. The only difference between a chorus girl on skates and one who comes all the way down to the ground is that the former's shoes are laced higher and you can't admire her ankles. The co-producer with Arthur M. Wirtz of this revue is Miss Sonja Henie, who is believed by some scholars in the field to have invented the ice skate.

The athletes who have crept into "Laugh, Town, Laugh" are Ken Davidson and Hugh Forgie, who play badminton. Davidson is billed as "World's Champion Exhibitionist" and Forgie merely as "His Opponent," but in their appearances at the Alvin, at least, they seem pretty evenly matched. They generally manage to demonstrate most of the different shots in the game and also to follow a sort of scenario, wherein one fellow is ahead and then the other, right up to a close and suitably dramatic finish. Mr. Wynn himself does a bit of duck shooting elsewhere in the show, but it's hardly scientific enough to deserve analysis here.

MOVING somewhat east of Broadway, we will now examine the performance of J. Donald Budge at Forest Hills in the professional tennis final last Saturday. Budge took no advantage of the element of suspense in beating Robert L. Riggs. In fact, as well ahead of time as a day or two before the match, he had pointed out that he had beaten Riggs twenty out of thirty times in their recent tour and probably could have made it twenty-five if he hadn't caught the croup. On Saturday, Riggs did what he could to keep the audience guessing by winning the first two games, but Budge gave the plot away by taking the next six. Then, keeping up the pace, he went ahead and won, 6–2, 6–2, 6–2, his only concession to the theatre being a sort of variety show in the last set, when he started mixing drives with lobs and drop shots. Riggs, who by that time was feeling superfluous, all but retired to the wings. —D. L.

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

A warm share of *Sal's* appeal is owing to the man it celebrates: genial, sentimental, gargantuan (300 lb.) Paul Dresser, one-time minstrel, most popular song writer of the 90's, and oldest brother of lugubrious Novelist Theodore Dreiser (who kept the original family name).—*Time.*

The difference in the surnames of the two brothers came about because Theodore wanted to be different and added an "i" to the family name of Dresser.—*Dallas News.*

SUMMER LIFE AT THE HOMESTEAD

VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS

Famous for Southern Service

OVERNIGHT FROM EASTERN POINTS

VIRGINIA'S INLAND SPA

Address The Homestead, Hot Springs, Virginia . . . or our New York office in the Waldorf, Plaza 8-2289 . . . Pullmans direct to The Homestead leave Penn Station nightly at 6:55 p. m., arriving 8 a. m.

CAFE LOUIS XIV

NEW YORK'S SMART FRENCH RESTAURANT

CUISINE CLASSIQUE · VINS FINS · BAR AMERICAIN

William Adler and his Violin nightly except Sunday

LUNCHEON Prix-Fixe 1.50

PRE-THEATRE DINNER from 2.00

A LA CARTE SPECIALTIES

JACQUES BONAUDI, MGR. • PHONE CIRCLE 6-5800

15 W. 49th ST. in ROCKEFELLER CENTER

LISTEN TO JOHNNY SING AND PLAY!

'23' Room

CONTINUOUS ENTERTAINMENT-NO COVER-NO MINIMUM

COCKTAILS from 23¢

☆HOTEL GEORGE WASHINGTON☆

23 LEXINGTON AVENUE CORNER 23RD STREET

Perfect location for Relaxation. 232 rooms with baths. Boardwalk view sun decks. 3 outdoor sea-water pools. Moderate rates on either plan. Fireproof.

J. Howard Slocum, Mgr.

THE Flanders

OCEAN CITY, N. J.

COUNTRY SHIRTS, $1.50 to $14

SLACKS, $5.50 to $21

SHORTS, $3.50 to $12

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers

MADISON AVE. COR. FORTY-FOURTH ST.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

RESTRICTIONS on the supply of materials for making records haven't so far affected the range of the monthly supplements. What is being issued is less of more of the same. This may sound like double-talk, but all I mean is that there continue to be many new releases of familiar music, even if the total number of items has been reduced. Are we all straight now? Beethoven's eighth symphony, for instance, appears again (Victor DM-908), played by the N.B.C. Symphony under Arturo Toscanini—an excellent production, and especially interesting as a sample of the maestro's handling of music that sometimes is ineffective when tackled by other men. Also, Beethoven's fifth has been issued by Columbia (set M-498) in a new recording by the Philharmonic-Symphony and Bruno Walter. It's one of the best of the Walter series.

Mozart continues to add to his recorded catalogue, Columbia having sent out a fresh version of the "Prague" symphony in D major, superbly done by the London Philharmonic and Sir Thomas Beecham (M-509). Priorities don't seem to have bothered Beethoven and Mozart at all so far.

THE piano-concerto business is looking up, thanks, among other things, to the popularity of concerto themes as dance-band material. Thanks also are due to playing like Artur Rubinstein's in the new recording of the Grieg concerto (Victor DM-900), a firmly dramatic, sensibly romantic presentation, with fine coöperation from the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting. It's much the best all-round performance of the concerto I've heard on records.

Ravel's "Tombeau de Couperin" has not been recorded as often as some of the works I have just dealt with, and the latest version, by the Minneapolis Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos in charge, is a welcome entry (Columbia X-222). Mr. Mitropoulos's celebrated electricity lends great crispness to the music.

OUR old friend "The Barber of Seville" now appears in a condensed arrangement in a handsome

IT'S SMART TO SMOKE
filter-tip
VICEROY
UNION MADE
THE FILTER TIP IS BETTER FOR YOU
No tobacco crumbs to stain your teeth
Throat irritants are checked
True tobacco flavor is brought out
The cork tips save your lips

Metropolitan Moments . . . . . by H. Williamson

"Those imported cooling gadgets can't equal a Planter's Punch made with Calvert Whiskey!"

Here's your recipe for a trunkful of cool refreshment: *Juice of 1 lime, teaspoon of honey, jigger of Calvert Whiskey. Stir well, pour into tumbler of cracked ice, add an orange slice.* Just see how this luxury whiskey *blends with*—doesn't overpower the other ingredients! Matter of fact, *that's* why ALL tall drinks taste better with Calvert Whiskey. Next time, have your favorite made with Calvert..."*the Whiskey with the Happy Blending*".

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DUSTY ACORN: rugged oak for *strength,* soft gray finish for *sophistication,* color-splashed fabrics for *warmth.* Friendly, provincial furniture, conceived in American tradition, adapted to American modern. And it's only one of the many *native* woods at OLD HICKORY. Come in tomorrow. You'll thrill to rare chestnut, hickory, antiqued pine . . . to *furniture with a future!*
OLD HICKORY FURN. CO MARTINSVILLE, IND
60 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA
at 51st Street
RADIO CITY · NEW YORK
COLUMBUS 5-5010
Old Hickory
FURNITURE SHOWROOMS

FIFTIETH *ANNIVERSARY*

STIEFF SILVER IN THE WAR

WAR or peace craftsmanship counts. Through years of peace, skill of its craftsmen made Stieff Sterling acknowledged the peer of any. Today that skill is employed where it can do most for victory.

Today those instruments of war which only the deft and delicate hand of the true artisan can produce—those finely finished and exquisitely balanced instruments that our armed forces must have—are being turned out by The Stieff Company. Today it is war work for America—fine silverware for you.

THE STIEFF COMPANY

SILVERSMITHS ★ GOLDSMITHS ★ STATIONERS

Wyman Park Driveway, Baltimore, Maryland

Stieff Silver is sold throughout the country by some 400 exclusive stores.

R.C.A. Victor album (M-898). This version is called—by the management, not me—a "Recordrama." The cast, made up mostly of Metropolitan people—the principal exception is Carlos Ramirez, who contributes a lively Figaro—manages the opera with competence and good teamwork, and Giuseppe Bamboschek conducts knowingly. Of course, the most important airs have long since been recorded expertly by various immortals, but there is good singing throughout this new set and the continuity is clear. It's about time this sort of thing was done in English, though, especially when such a good version as George Mead's is available.

Rossini's song "La Danza" receives a peppery workout from Jan Kiepura to pianism by Otto Herz on Columbia 17322-D, but the surefire item on this disc is "La Danza's" partner, "Kujawiak," an arrangement by the singer of a Wieniawski air. Wolfgang Rebner is the accompanist for "Kujawiak."

LASALLE SPIER has made effective orchestral transcriptions of two Scriabin piano études, played handsomely by the National Symphony under Hans Kindler's direction (Victor 11-8150). The C-sharp-minor job, Op. 2, No. 1, is especially good; its mate in D sharp minor, Op. 8, No. 12, is essentially pianistic and doesn't translate into orchestral sound so convincingly as the C-sharp-minor. The so-called "Treasure Waltz" from Strauss's "Gypsy Baron" is with us in a performance by Fritz Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony (Columbia 11800-D). Mr. Reiner is a waltz wizard, and if you have even a sneaking hankering for this music, here's your purchase.

I HAVE just tried a new album of piano recordings—music by Debussy, Ravel, Gershwin, Shostakovich, and others—on a lady piano connoisseur without naming the performer. The listener was impressed and delighted and surprised to discover that she had been listening to Oscar Levant. Hear him for yourself on the records in Columbia album M-508. You'll find him a pianist of extraordinary ability and sensitivity. This, however, will not be news to you if you have ever heard Mr. Levant play more than a few snatches. —R. A. S.

•

Major Kalberer is a former United Airlines pilot with more than 1,000,000 hours flying credit.—*The World-Telegram.*

Or roughly 114 years.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

NEW YORK dealers in antique silver, who for all their canniness are an incurably sentimental lot and noted as suckers for their own wares, are now being rewarded for having been unable to resist the vast and precious stores of old European silver thrown on the market by the war. The purchases of expert and novice customers alike indicate a marked American leaning toward the work of the great silversmiths of England, whether it is of suave seventeenth- and eighteenth-century simplicity or magnificent in the elaborate manner of the later Georgian and Regency periods.

Happily for everyone, the collections in the New York shops today are preponderantly English. Their contents are, however, neither preponderantly of the collector's-item sort nor strictly utilitarian, but a mixture of both, with a generous sprinkling of typical British whatnotry thrown in. In almost any collection one can find pieces prized for their age and rarity (often far too specialized and bizarre for any present-day use except as additions to private or museum collections), as well as table services and single serving pieces of timeless beauty and usefulness. There are also astonishing arrays of small comforts designed to satisfy the insatiable gadget mania of past-century Britons, whose whims resulted in the vinaigrettes and spice boxes now finding favor with saccharine and vitamin-pill addicts, in the tapering strainer spoons (once used to loosen tea leaves from clogged spouts) which salvage olives from today's Martinis, and in the inevitable sugar tongs, which are so handy on the modern Scotch-and-soda tray.

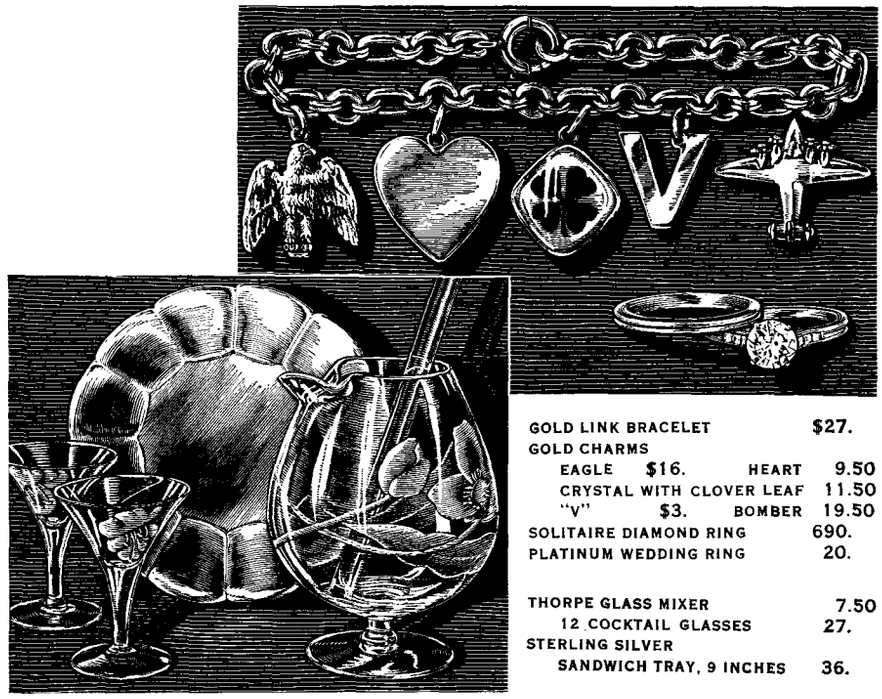
A collection in which all these elements are neatly balanced is Peter Guille's, at 630 Fifth Avenue (Rockefeller Center). His prize collector's item is a fabulous covered cup made from a coconut shell, polished to onyxlike smoothness and intricately carved with Biblical scenes, fitted in Tudor times (1577, to be precise) with a silver-gilt top and footed base and selling now for $3,500. A five-piece eighteenth-century tea-and-coffee service which Mr. Guille assembled (all such sets must be assembled, since full services of this sort never existed back when the pieces were made) is in the best tradition of the period and represents a span of top-flight silvermaking from 1747 to 1774. Credits go to half a dozen celebrated smiths, including Thomas Gilpin of London. This superb set, the bringing-together of which must have been a taxing chore even for the expert Mr. Guille, may be yours for $4,560. Descending to the three-figures class, there's a flatware dessert service for eighteen, in silver gilt, magnificent in its original green-velvet-lined mahogany case, and all for $935. George Smith and William Fearn completed this assignment in London in 1795, all except the knife blades, which were forged by Mark Bock, a famous cutlerer of the day. The set consists of serving spoons, ice-servers, melon-carvers, sugar-sifters, and ivory-handled knives and forks. It seems almost sacrilege to mention in the same paragraph such minor items as old decanting funnels, skewers (useful as letter-openers, if you must pervert their purpose), and stuffing spoons, but they're present, too, and tagged at from about $5 to $25.

"Want to try a Myrna Loy mouth, Mrs. Poindexter?"

TRUST Tiffany always to be practical. The antique-silver department here insists that you can shut your eyes, extend a hand, grasp the first piece of silver it encounters, and come up with something which can be taken home and put to instant and sensible use. This seems to be true even of unmistakable museum-piece items, such as a pair of gravy boats (1730), the handiwork of Peter Archambo, one of the truly great names in silver. They're marked with a crest (and a price of $2,050) and would honor any table anywhere, any time. Equally practical, and still collector's silver, are a dozen three-tined dinner forks and a dozen dessert forks to match, the work of Alexis Pilleau of London in 1723. Tiffany asserts, with simple, understandable pride, that they are about the finest things of their kind in New York today, so why shouldn't they be worth $2,700 to you or anyone else with an eye for fine old cutlery? Among the Tiffany candelabra is a pair of twenty-two-inch ones by Matthew Boulton of Birmingham, the great Georgian smith, each bearing three branches and delicately ornamented with fine fluting and acanthus leaves. They merit the $1,650 asked for them.

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM are broadminded about antique silver. It must be beautiful and it must

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



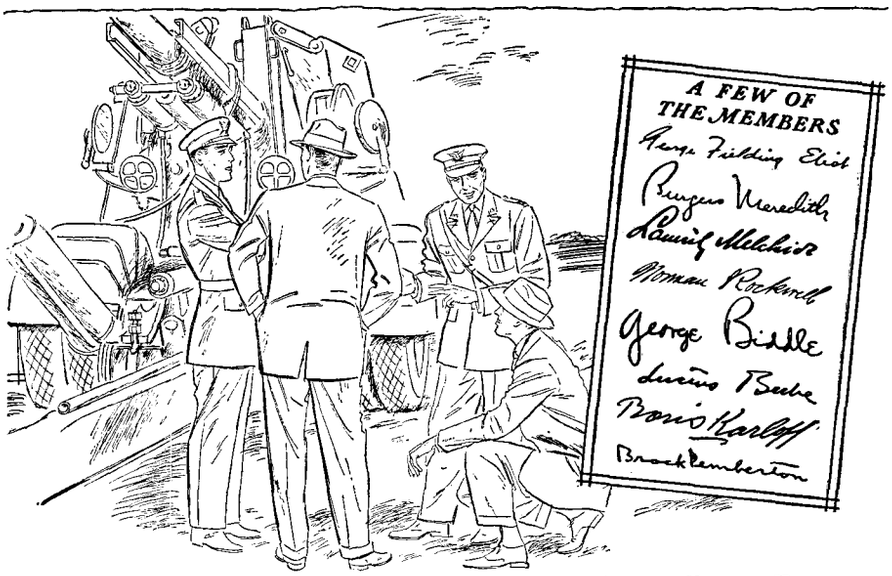
GOLD LINK BRACELET	$27.
GOLD CHARMS	
EAGLE $16. HEART	9.50
CRYSTAL WITH CLOVER LEAF	11.50
"V" $3. BOMBER	19.50
SOLITAIRE DIAMOND RING	690.
PLATINUM WEDDING RING	20.
THORPE GLASS MIXER	7.50
12 COCKTAIL GLASSES	27.
STERLING SILVER SANDWICH TRAY, 9 INCHES	36.

DIAMONDS OF FINE COLOR AND BRILLIANCY.

A WIDE SELECTION OF JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, CHINA AND GLASSWARE.

TIFFANY & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET NEW YORK



Join the Distinguished Members

of the World's Top-Ranking After-Shave Club

Sign below and mail us this advertisement with ten cents. We'll send you a bottle of Aqua Velva, the world's most widely used after-shave lotion.

Cool and brisk, Aqua Velva leaves your skin feeling softer, smoother. ELECTRIC SHAVERS use it before and after shaving.

Address: The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. AA-12, Glastonbury, Conn.—famous for 100 years. Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

be old—well within the scope of the United States Customs definition of the antique—but they are pretty catholic in the range of objects. They will show you with pride their wide assortment of magnificent antique sporting trophies, singling out, perhaps, a Doncaster racing cup, hallmarked London, 1785, and made by Andrew Fogelberg and Stephen Gilbert of silver fire gilt. Done in classic mood, the cover is surmounted by a figure of blindfolded Justice holding a wreath. The superbly chased and ornamented body of the cup bears two medallions in low relief and is engraved with a history of the long-forgotten race which inspired it; $500. Also from London comes a candle-snuffer, complete with stand. It was made in 1715 by John Cary, of silver finer than sterling, costs $550, and is the sort of sentimental piece that makes collectors of hardboiled citizens. A James I standing salt, once set on a lordly board to mark the dividing line at table between noble and commoner, has ball-and-claw feet and flat chasing, showing Tudor and Elizabethan influences. It is $3,135, which you might feel is a lot to pay for the privilege of putting somebody in his place but not too much for so graceful a piece of decorative value and authenticity. In more utilitarian mood and perfect for Sunday-morning breakfast, as well as hot hors-d'œuvres, there's a bacon dish of around 1780, with a hot-water compartment beneath. This must have been comforting in some drafty English home of its period and may be especially useful on chill winter mornings over here if fuel is rationed. Its price is $150.

BRIDES on the prowl, family check in hand, for old silver which can be made to get right down to business in the new home can hardly fail to find the Perfect Thing at Norman of London, 573 Madison Avenue (56th). Silver supper sets nested over hot-water chambers are a specialty here. One distinguished example consists of two covered oval dishes, salt and pepper shakers, and a centre sauce tureen; it was made in London between 1805 and 1807 by William Fountain and John Emes and costs $935. Norman can produce extravagance for you, too, notably in a pear-shaped cream jug from Chester, made by Richard Richardson in 1726. It's two and a half inches high and costs $495, or approximately $200 an inch. A silver piecrust salver made in London in 1736 by Joseph Saunders ($275) and a set of four silver candlesticks, the workmanship of William Cafe, also of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London (1767), might likewise catch your eye.

AT James Robinson, you meet examples of all the small pieces of occasional silver seen in every first-rate silver display about town, as well as silver candelabra, trays, and teapots of special charm. Among the trays, look for one which even a butler in an English drawing-room comedy would regard with respect. Chippendale's adaptations of *chinoiserie* inspired this piece by those great silversmiths, Edward Wakelin and John Parker. Along with a freedom of line seldom seen in conventional patterns, and with a fine fretted gallery worthy of the best mahogany table from the maestro's own hand, it also has the snob value of having once been the property of Earl Cowper of Pansanger House, Herts, and bears his arms to prove it. It was made in 1761 and costs $1,850. Old-silver fanciers will certainly want to see Robinson's George II covered silver jug, made in 1729 by the prolific and justly revered Paul Lamerie. French influence is strong in the type of tracing and the use of the shell motif in its design; it's engraved with the arms of Sir Arthur Gray Duberly of The Burns, Fenlake, Bedfordshire; $4,500. A Queen Anne coffeepot made by John Fawdery in 1710 has mounts at spout and handle sockets in what silver experts call the card cut, a type of design derived from a parlor game of the time, when gallants and their ladies frivolled at cutting patterns from stiff paper folded over and over. The pot is a superb example of practical silver by the great Fawdery and costs $2,500. An oblong inkstand to dignify the desk of the most executive executive comes from the hands of Samuel Hennell and John Taylor (London, 1814). It bears three admirably cut Bristol-glass bottles, silver-topped and designed to hold ink, shot, and sand, plus a built-in box with a hinged cover and long enough to take a generous supply of pens and pencils. The original red morocco case, still extant, has silver handles and mounts. This affair is $2,250 complete.

ANOTHER distinguished Paul Lamerie piece, a coffeepot from the Swaythling collection ($2,750), is to be found at the Museum Silver Shop, 104 East 57th Street, and should be of particular interest to serious collectors of the work of this master. The decorations on this rare piece—flowers and grotesque masks in bold relief—are typical of its designer's taste and imagination and reveal the Dutch influence. At the same shop, another peak of magnificence is reached in a galleried octofoil tray made from a solid sheet of silver and fitted into a mahogany tripod bird-cage table with a revolving top; the result is in effect a silver-topped table. This masterpiece is of Irish workmanship in the period of George III (Thomas Williamson, Dublin, 1736) and, whether it's for yourself or not, easily rates its price of $7,250. —B. B.

MARKETS AND MENUS

Saving Coupons

NOTHING could be more commendable from a patriotic as well as a dietary point of view than the advice one hears so much these days about substituting fruits and salads for desserts. Nevertheless, though ending dinner with cherries or an avocado will undoubtedly make you feel both healthy and noble, it also will likely leave you with a hankering for something nice and sweet, which your half-pound sugar ration certainly won't do much to assuage. An unassuaged dessert-lover myself, I have been tracking down certain sweets which in normal times might not be considered quite conventional endings to a meal, and at the same time looking into the question of candy, from the point of view this time of the nibbler rather than of a person ordering birthday or weekend presents. I pass on my findings to anyone whose perverse craving for sweets was not taken into account by the sugar-rationers.

Of course, my idea of about the happiest solution to the dessert problem of this or any other summer would be to put myself wholly in the hands of the fine Viennese cooks who fill orders through Trade Winds, at 56 East 55th Street. I have never had a dish from those talented women that was not just as good as, and sometimes considerably better than, what could have been made in my own kitchen, and falling back on them now means as priceless a saving of sugar as it has always meant of time. However, should you simply want something to supplement rather than replace your cook's efforts, Trade Winds will furnish the most lovely meringue shells, of exactly the right softness inside and fragile firmness without, ready to be filled with a fruit cream or a mousse or even with a plain bought ice. If you are familiar with the average pastry shop's meringue shells, which look and often taste as if they had been cleverly molded from plaster of Paris, you will recognize these Trade Winds confections for the blessing they are. No order is taken for less than six pairs (the price is ten cents a pair), no deliveries are made of less than a dozen pairs, and all orders must be placed twenty-four hours in advance. That may seem like a lot of hedging in connection with the sale of something as simple as a meringue shell, but then these are no ordinary meringue shells. They keep for at least a week, so one order can do for two or three desserts.

If the meringues are to be filled with whipped cream or maybe a vanilla ice cream, either of two very superior sauces —fudge or butterscotch—made by Dean's, at 73 East 57th Street, will turn them into desserts quite grand enough for a party. Both these sauces can be served hot or cold, and they are so well made that they never crystallize, as home-made sweet sauces have a treacherous way of doing. They have to be ordered in the morning for dinnertime delivery.

IN a town where good cake is not always easy to come by, the beautiful white layer confection of Sophie Madsen, 1183 Third Avenue (69th), ought to make a sensation. As far as I am concerned, that is exactly what it does whenever I come upon its sugary magnificence in the little Madsen shop in the rather startling company of fish puddings and sausages. The moist white layers of this cake are put together with a particularly creamy variety of almond paste and there are curlicues and pink roses of almond paste for decoration on the white icing. There does not seem to be any regular schedule for the appearance of this marvel, but it usually turns up in the shop about twice a week, baked in an enormous tin, at which times it may be bought by the slice. Whole cakes in smaller sizes can always be had to order, but the slices are the real convenience.

Henny Wyle, at 557 Madison Avenue (55th), whose fine chocolates I have reported on many times, makes a delicious, fresh raspberry syrup to be mixed with fizz water and a bit of lemon. This can't rightly be called a dessert, although I daresay we shall be passing off as desserts odder things than raspberry syrup before this war is over.

FOR sweets that are sweet enough to satisfy even an accumulated yearning, the South American and Mexican products of Casa Victori, way down at 164 Pearl Street, ought to be investigated. Here you can find halved guavas in a light syrup (awfully good made into a sherbet), the same fruit heavily preserved, all variations of fine guava paste and jelly, and delicious mangoes,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which make a good dessert either by themselves or added to a compote of other fruits. Macy's grocery department also has an excellent collection of Mexican and South American fruits and syrup and some very good guava jelly sold in five-pound jars.

You may have had the idea of saving up some of your sugar allowance by making peppermint-stick ice cream at home but have been deterred by not finding any good, strong-flavored peppermint sticks. For some reason or other, old-fashioned stick candy now seems to be sold only in jars of assorted flavors with a lot of wintergreen and lemon and such, which are no earthly good for ice cream. Therefore it may interest you to know that Gina & Selma, of 1038 Lexington Avenue (74th), have a clear mint crystal which is exactly the right thing for flavoring, being good and strong and at the same time sweet enough to make extra sugar unnecessary. If you crumble a few of the same shop's delicious, paper-thin chocolate squares into the cream when it is nearly frozen, you will have a fine mint-chocolate-chip ice, all without using a grain of your precious sugar. The whole array of Gina & Selma confections is worth trying, especially the combinations of fruit pastes and the chocolates.

Somehow, the manufacturers of Dutch *hopjes*, unlike the manufacturers of nearly every other European commodity, didn't get around to starting up a business over here before their country blew up, which is why Americans with a taste for coffee confections are being put to it to find a satisfactory substitute. One of the most successful imitations of those Dutch sweets, both in flavor and consistency, is sold in Macy's candy department, as well as at the D. Kopper Bonbonnière, 252 West 72nd Street, and a number of the small nut shops around town.

Other very good candies of their kind are the Italian-type nougat to be had at Vendôme and at E. Ugobono, 406 Sixth Avenue (8th); the caramels at the Eighth Street Pastry Box, 44 West 8th Street; and some nice, strong cream peppermints that are sold at the Loft Candy stores. —S. H.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Adv. in the Stanford University Daily*]

ENDS TONIGHT
By Popular Demand
GREER GARSON
WALTER PIDGEON
"BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST"

The Cool, Delightful St. Regis Roof

Pleasantly "informal," comfortably air conditioned. Delicious food. Dancing to the music of

Paul Sparr *and his orchestra with*

Ethel Smith *and her orchestra alternating*

Selective Dinners from $3.00 (Also a la carte)

No Cover Charge, Minimum $1.50 after 10 P.M.
(Saturdays $2.00)

To Men in Uniform — No Minimum Charge

THEATRE DINNER • DINNER • SUPPER

Selective Luncheons from $1.50 (Also a la carte)

THE St. Regis
FIFTH AVE. AT 55th STREET • NEW YORK

Sit on your terrace (or someone else's) and clap your hands twice. If the help is hep, you'll soon find a Gin and SCHWEPPES Ginger Beer cooling your parched throat. Clap three times if you prefer Rum and Ginger Beer. Both good, very good . . . and best of all, the one and only SCHWEPPES Ginger Beer is still available. Better stock up!

Schweppes
GINGER BEER

Manufactured and Bottled in England by SCHWEPPES, Ltd.
Sole U. S. Agents: Maxfield & McLeer, Inc., 90 West Broadway, N. Y

It's Maytag Blue-Veined Cheese. Taste it, and we believe you'll agree its roquefort flavor and rich, creamy-white texture are superb. Produced on the famous Maytag Dairy Farms, in a modern plant devoted exclusively to this one cheese. Shipped dairy-fresh direct from farm in whole wheels of 4 pounds. Price $2.50 per wheel, postpaid anywhere in U.S. FREE on request, booklet of 22 taste-tempting Maytag Cheese recipes.

MAYTAG DAIRY FARMS
R.R. No. 1, Newton, Iowa

WHEN IN ALBANY, N.Y.
Stop at
THE DE WITT CLINTON
They all speak well of it . . .
a KNOTT HOTEL
JOHN J. HYLAND, *Manager*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RACE TRACK

Trainer's Choice

THAT rumble which you may have heard after the running of the Butler at Empire City last weekend was somebody having a last laugh, and that fizzing which sounded like a Fifth of July squib was all the parlays that included Whirlaway breaking up softly.

There's always quite a to-do among horsemen when the weights for important handicaps are announced, for most of the trainers with eligible racers get pretty het up thinking how badly their pets have been treated, whether they really have been or not. Max Hirsch, in particularly high dudgeon, withdrew Attention from the Butler as a protest against the allotment of weights (not because he felt that Whirlaway should carry more than 132 pounds but because he believed that Attention should carry less than 124) and started Tola Rose, who was in at 103, just to show how bad the handicapping was. For some reason, Tola Rose never has been taken very seriously. A lot of people, misled by his name, have been under the impression that he is a filly. Before the Butler, even more of them failed to remember that he ran well at Empire last year; he was second in the 1941 Butler and nearly won the Westchester Handicap later in the season. Anyhow, he started at 15–1 last Saturday, led all the way, set a track record over a course that was actually muddy in spots, and earned $22,800 for doing it. Hirsch isn't sure that Attention could have done so well.

I see no reason for dwelling on the performance of Whirlaway, who ran wide on all the turns, except to remind you again that the Butler was his first race at Empire. No doubt he'll know his way around the course better next time, if there is a next time. You might bear in mind, if he starts in the Massachusetts Handicap at Suffolk Downs next week, that he's never raced there, either.

As you bright-eyed form-chart readers must have noticed, Shut Out beat Valdina Orphan in the Yankee Handicap at Suffolk Downs last Saturday. This time Valdina Orphan didn't have the ten-pound advantage over Shut Out that he had in the Dwyer. I take it for

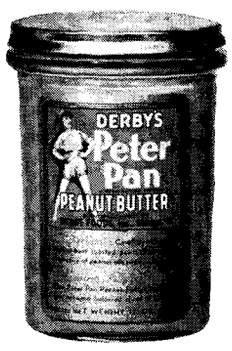
For men of action

THREE MUSKETEERS
QUIET · PERFECT GROOMING
"THE THREE MUSKETEERS" Military Presentation. Pinch-bottle each of After-Shave Lotion, After-Shave Powder, and "Tanbark" Cologne. $1.95 (plus tax)
MEN'S AFTER SHAVE LOTION
Lentheric

Requisites by Lentheric

AT THE BETTER SHOPS

SAYS MAJOR QUICKFIRE:
"IT TAKES MY APPETITE BY STORM!"



The secrets in Derby's drive for greater deliciousness are disclosed by Derby's informative labeling on every jar or tin of Derby Foods.

"A ROUSING CHEER FOR PETER PAN PEANUT BUTTER! . . . This victorious victual has vanquished for all time the stubborn stick-to-the-roof-of-your-mouth tactics of the average peanut butter sandwich! . . . There's no oil separation, either! . . . PETER PAN'S superiority may be credited to mechanized advance that uses triple milling and grinding — a special process that captures the true roasted peanut flavor in a smooth, pure, golden brown peanut butter of matchless creamy richness!"

Ready to serve Corned Beef for discriminating tastes

Ready to serve Lambs' Tongue for any occasion.

Ready to serve Pigs Feet for lunches or late snacks

Ready to serve Boneless Chicken for the hurried hostess

DERBY FOODS, INC.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

MANUFACTURERS OF MANY DELICIOUS MEATS OR MEAT COMBINATIONS AND PETER PAN PEANUT BUTTER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DON Q
PUERTO RICAN RUM
DON Q RUM
PUERTO RICAN
86 PROOF
Perfect for summer drinks...cool and refreshing...a luxury drink at moderate cost...from Puerto Rico, U.S.A.
WHITE LABEL, 86 proof, for cocktails
GOLD LABEL, 86 proof, for tall drinks
Product of DESTILERIA SERRALLES, INC., Ponce, Puerto Rico, U. S. A.
SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

London Terrace
NOW MORE THAN EVER
Happy is the bride who starts her new life in London Terrace!
Here are all the things she has wished for in New York living—at rentals within her budget: Swimming Pool, Marine Deck, Acre of Garden—our 21 Special Services, including maid, waitress, window-washing, messenger—and 17 shops right in the building.
1 ROOM . . . . from $52
3 ROOMS . . . from $ 75
2 ROOMS . . . from $69
4 ROOMS . . . from $105
1-ROOM, KITCHEN and DRESSING ROOM . . . from $ 58
4-ROOM LUXURY SET-BACK APARTMENTS . . . from $130
6-ROOM TERRACE PENTHOUSE . . Special Rental
(Gas included in your Rental)
ALSO, NEWLY FURNISHED APARTMENTS AT
ATTRACTIVE RENTALS ON LONG OR SHORT TERM LEASES
Renting Office on Premises
Open until 7 p. m.
WM. A. WHITE & SONS
EST. 1868
435 West 23rd Street
Telephone: CHelsea 3-7000
London Terrace
Times Square, 10 minutes
Wall Street, 15 minutes
Tune in "Apartments on Parade" 9:30 A.M. daily—Sunday 10:30 A.M.—WQXR

granted that Shut Out will pick up another $25,000 in the Empire City Handicap here this weekend. It's just possible that Apache will run in the same race, but he shouldn't be anything to worry about. Requested might have been in it, too, but his leg trouble has taken a turn for the worse, so he's all through with racing for the year. Too bad.

A colt who deserves, if nothing else, a place on anyone's list of young horses to remember is Count Fleet. I've mentioned him before, and after the impressive way he won at Empire the other afternoon, I can't help bringing up his name again. He'll be especially good in the longer races.

THE most startling happening on the opening day at Empire City last week was the claim of foul against Scotland Light, who won the fourth race. In case you weren't watching closely, just as the animal came up along the rail in the stretch, the patrol judge posted at the last furlong pole leaned out across his path. As you may know, there are always several of these alguazils stationed at various points around a track to see that the jockeys do no leg-locking or saddle-snatching and use no longshoremen's hooks. Well, this one scared Scotland Light, who shied and swerved toward Song o' War, who in turn bumped Ben Gray badly. Obviously, a foul had been committed, but nothing came of it, as the stewards couldn't very well disqualify Scotland Light for something a patrol judge had done. To be sure, they could have disqualified the patrol judge, which would have been all right with a lot of people. By the way, a big betting coup on one of the English tracks was once spoiled under similar circumstances. A man in the crowd along the rail—some said he was a bookmaker's agent—opened an umbrella in the face of the good thing, who bolted and was beaten by a head.

SPEAKING of uncashed winning mutuel tickets, as I was last week, the Aqueduct management has received thirty dollars' worth from a horseplayer in Philadelphia, who asked that they be turned over to the track's War Relief Fund. —AUDAX MINOR

•

The National Conference shall seek to have the two Associations:

(a) Engage in common effort to simplify lawyers and procedure . . .

—*New York Law Journal.*

You're up against a stone wall.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FAMILY REVIVED

"SPEAKING for myself," said Mrs. Bogle, "I believe that this fuel-rationing scheme has been *planned*."

The Canadian pilot who was spending his leave with the Killdews (Sir Ludovick and Lady Killdew had relatives in Canada) looked up, startled. He was a polite young man, so polite that he was now attending Mrs. Bogle's Sunday Salvage Afternoon and slicing metal butts off old cartridge cases with the rest of us in our Dorsetshire cottage, but stirring behind his politeness, as a deer stirs in a thicket, was a regretful conviction that the English are given over to cynicism and levity, and here was further proof of it. The rest of us, who know Mrs. Bogle better, understood that she was not speaking of Sir William Beveridge and the Secretary for Mines but of that somewhat jesuitical agency which she refers to as A Power for Good or Something Behind It All.

"Because of family life," she continued. "For think how it will draw us together! The whole family sitting round the fire, just like the old days, you know, when roasted crabs hiss in the bowl."

"Sounds like cruelty to animals to me," remarked Miss Webb, the land girl, in an undertone.

In an undertone, Mrs. Bogle replied, "No, Shakespeare."

"Considered in that light," said Mrs. Larpent, "I call it belated. Of course, all plans are, except possibly layettes, and one's usually behindhand with them. How can fuel rationing revive family life when none of us has any family left? I can't believe that the hissing of a roasted crab, or the drowning of a parson's saw, either, come to that—"

"More Shakespeare," Mrs. Bogle said, patting Miss Webb's knee soothingly.

"—is likely to lure Bill back from Iceland," Mrs. Larpent continued, "and Susan from Dover, and Isabel from Delhi, and the cook and housemaid from their factory. On the evenings when George isn't on A.R.P. and I'm not washing up in the canteen, I suppose we shall sit by the fire in total silence. But we do that anyway." She whetted her knife on the carborundum and took up another cartridge case.

"I've never been able to understand why one talks of sitting *round* a fire," observed Miss Pilgrim. "At the best, one can only sit hemispherically."

Speaking together, the Canadian said, "Campfires," and George Larpent said, "A survival from the great hall of the Middle Ages, when the fire was in the middle of the room and the smoke went out by the roof."

"Really?" Mrs. Bogle tossed a handful of metal butts into the tray for waste cardboard. "How interesting! And it does quite as well for an oil heater, doesn't it?"

Delighted with this further revelation of Something Behind It All, she continued with vigor, "Besides, why need it be only one family? It might be two or three. Because, of course, what Mrs. Larpent says is perfectly true. None of us can call our families our own just now. But if we took turns spending the evening together—those of us that have evenings—we'd be keeping up the tradition of family life, wouldn't we? And think of the saving! Why don't we plan out our fireside rota here and now?"

There was an evasive pause, broken by Miss Pilgrim saying, "People in the East burn cow dung, don't they?"

"We did ourselves last winter," said Lady Killdew. "It gives a splendid glow once it's kindled."

"The glow," said her husband, "doesn't last."

"Personally," said Mrs. Larpent, "I have been thinking deeply about the Venetian custom of wearing a farthingale and having a little charcoal brazier underneath it and a devoted follower to puff the brazier."

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Bogle, "I'm afraid you will be disappointed. It's almost impossible to get charcoal."

"In the last war," said Miss Webb, "my mother one day was in a train, going from Ely to Scarborough, and it was winter, and the train wasn't heated. And then a man got in, and after he'd settled down he produced two lengths of rubber gas piping. And he put the top ends into his mouth, and tucked the bottom ends into his boots, and began to breathe. After a bit he noticed my mother noticing him, and he took out the two bits of piping and explained that he suffered terribly from cold feet, but by breathing into his boots he kept them quite cozy. He was a commercial traveller."

"Well, that was practical," said the Canadian.

"Not in this war!" cried Mrs. Bogle. "Rubber, you know. Really, my plan is much the best. We must share our firesides. And I'm going to suggest that you all come to us every Monday and Thursday. We shall have our work, you know, and the wireless going, and perhaps Sir Ludovick would read aloud—one never seems to get much reading done in wartime. And we could talk over our various problems. There is always so much to talk about. Or would Tuesdays be better than Mondays? We could eat roast chestnuts, and—" Here she caught sight of Mr. Bogle approaching the table. "Oh, Hereward! You're just in time to hear what we are planning for next winter, such a delightful scheme for saving fuel. We're all going to . . ."

MEANWHILE, Mr. Bogle, a large man moving with extraordinary stealthiness and speed, had attained his objective and was saying to the Canadian, "You're the fellow I need. Just walk round the garden with me, will you? I want some advice about felling a few trees."

"I don't know much about trees," said the Canadian. "My family lived in an apartment house." But he rose obediently, for he was a very polite young man.

"Trees, Hereward?" Mrs. Bogle said. "Surely you're not going to cut down any of my dear trees? Not the old crab apple—so mossy! *Not* the Spanish chestnut, for we are just planning how we shall roast chestnuts when we are all sitting together reviving the family!"

"Must grow more food," said Mr. Bogle. "Besides, logs may come in handy."

"But, Hereward, both the cookstove and the sitting-room grate are too small for logs. We discovered that last winter, and you know how tired you got of carving them smaller."

"The study grate isn't," said he, and speedily, stealthily retired, taking the Canadian with him.

Mrs. Bogle flushed, and the sudden color and the round-eyed, wondering stare that watched the fading-away of another illusion made her look momentarily young again. And each one of us, I suppose, condemned the churlish Bogle and hoped that nice young Canadian, the soul of chivalry, might be kicking him outside in the shrubbery. There was a hush, but necessarily it had to be brief, and before Mrs. Bogle's predatory good intentions could revive, Lady Killdew said to Mrs. Larpent, "Lucy, dear, there's one thing we *must* talk over before we go home. When are we having our Drive for Bones?"

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

•

CHASES FLY
TO CAPITAL
—*Headline in the Los Angeles Times.*

There's persistence for you!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The *sharp* flavour gentlemen yearn for

Old English
Process Cheddar Cheese

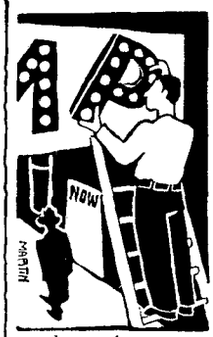
Many a man simply *dotes* on sharp cheddar . . . a snack with his tall, icy glass or after-dinner coffee. So wise is the woman who discovers Old English Brand, a Process Cheddar made by Kraft. It *always* has the same sharp flavor, always melts *smooth* for savory Welsh Rabbits.

JOHNNY LONG
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Plus A NEW SUMMER
ICE SHOW*
ON REAL ICE
HOTEL
NEW YORKER
*Ice Show and dancing daily at luncheon, dinner and supper

THE CURRENT CINEMA

No Escape



THE fellow who uses the movies as a refuge is in for some heavy chagrin in the next week or so. On ducking into a theatre to dodge life's buffets for a moment, he may find himself in the position of a citizen who, on hurrying to a shelter in an air raid, is met with a burst of machine-gun fire from his local air-raid warden. The cinema, in other words, is likely to be just one buffet more.

For example, "Are Husbands Necessary?," although light and frothy in appearance, turns out to have an almost deadly wallop. It's one of those madcap comedies wherein the unreliable but lovable young wife of a reliable but lovable young businessman mixes into his affairs in an effort to help him along but gets him into trouble instead. Then, after considerable damage to property and violation of the peace, they are both permitted by a peculiar form of nihilistic philosophy to come out on top. As usual, the element of terror, the grim menace that hangs over these young people's heads, is present in the shape of the husband's boss, another proof that Hollywood is actually a hotbed of radicalism. The same spirit, of course, prompted the entire "Blondie" series, to which this picture is closely akin. The young couple are played by Ray Milland and Betty Field, a sharp bit of miscasting in the case, at least, of Miss Field, who did all right with an outright pathological rôle in "Kings Row" but isn't so suited to a part where insanity is only hinted at. An unusual feature of "Are Husbands Necessary?" is that the principal characters are named Cugat but bear no further resemblance to any persons living or dead or leading an orchestra at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Another current film that makes a monkey out of law and order is "Thru Different Eyes," with Frank Craven, Mary Howard, and June Walker. The message in this one is that woman's intuition is likely to be more trustworthy than evidence in criminal trials and that a district attorney's wife may not be the fool the D.A. thinks she is. An innocent man is saved from hanging by some highhanded action on the part of the

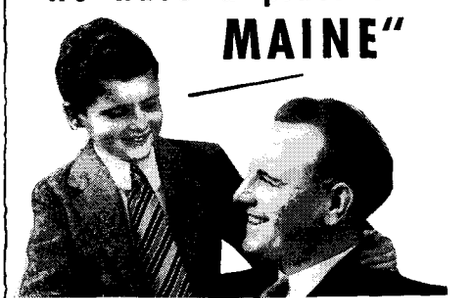
NO DIMOUT OF TALENT IN THE Rainbow Room's GAY SUMMER SHOW

Presenting...

Carmen Cavallaro
and his orchestra
THE GREAT AMERICAN DANCER
Charles Weidman
assisted by
BEATRICE SECKLER • KATHERINE LITZ
LEE SHERMAN • PETER HAMILTON
Carlos Montoya
guitarist
LUCILLE & EDDIE Roberts
mental wizards
Mimi Benzelle
soprano
The Terry Sisters
and their rumba band

RESERVATIONS: CIRCLE 5-9000
ROCKEFELLER CENTER

"*Hot diggity!* Now we have a place in MAINE"



"This is the year to buy it"

• MANY people have always wanted a little spot that they could call their own in Maine. Right now is a perfect time to get it. It may be a camp by the side of a lake. Or a home in a quiet Maine village. It may be on the coast, or inland. It may be a peaceful Maine farm.

The Maine Development Commission has complete lists and information to help you find the very spot you want. Get it now. It's a lifetime investment in year-round pleasure. Healthful climate. Friendly neighbors. Address the Maine Development Commission, Dept. 46-R, State House, Augusta, Maine.

• *Or call at the Maine Information Bureau, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York. Tel. COlumbus 5-2460.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little woman, who probably ought to be prosecuted herself, but nobody thinks of it. The story-within-a-story device is used in this picture and embellished now and then by a third story within the second story. Mr. Craven and Miss Walker, being old troupers, seem undismayed.

"It Happened in Flatbush," which is concerned with Brooklyn baseball, is not comparable to the above exhibits in any way except that it, too, will offer very little relief from *Weltschmerz*. It doesn't deal with issues as heavy, even, as the place of woman in business or law, choosing instead to cheer you with the adventures of ballplayers and fans in Brooklyn. The trouble is that all the gags about the comical old borough that were ever perpetrated are used again, in addition to some variations, which should exhaust the field but probably won't. However, the Dodgers (although they aren't called that in the picture) win the pennant, which may be gratifying enough by itself. Lloyd Nolan is the man who guides the team to its manifest destiny.

ALL in all, it's wisest not to pick the movies that are calculated to soothe. In the first place they won't, and in the second place the other kind, the ones that are at least toying with actualities, happen to be better-constructed jobs in the bargain. One that's on hand now is a Russian film called "This Is the Enemy!," made up of five fictional episodes, one of which was directed by the man who did "Professor Mamlock." As a realistic pill, this film is not too bitter to swallow, since the Russians, like Brooklyn, do all right in the end.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT
(FOREIGN LANGUAGE DIVISION)

[*From "Locutions Latines et Etrangères" in the Petit Larousse (1924 edition)*]

All right (ôl ra-itt')
At home (at' hô-me)
Broken-down (brô-k'n-daoun)
Four in hand (fôr-inn-han'd)
Go ahead! (gô ahêd)
High life (aï-laïf)
Much ado about nothing (meutch a-dou a-baoutt noth'ing)
Remember (ri-mèm-beur')
Rule, Britannia (roul')
Shocking (chok-in'-gh')
Struggle for life (streu-ghl' for la-if)
That is the question (zat is ze kou-èsstcheun')
The right man in the right place (ze ra-it' man' in ze ra-it plè-se)
Time is money (ta-im' iz mo-nè)
To be or not to be (tou bi or not' tou bi)
Walk over (ou-ôk-o-veur)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

QUÉBEC FOR A CHANGE

Change of scene, change of pace, instantly, when you set foot in this historical, 17th Century city. Québec is Normandy-in-America. Memorable near-by places to visit: Montmorency Falls, Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, idyllic Isle of Orleans. The baronial *Chateau Frontenac* is your host. U. S. dollars are worth more in Canada...prices are Government controlled. Ask J. E. Roach, in New York, 344 Madison Avenue at 44th Street. VA 6-4444.

Chateau Frontenac

In the Ancient Capital of Québec

HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Carriage Trade

THE disappearance of the automobile has changed our country race meetings from shooting-stick picnics, for excursionists from town, into rural community affairs. Most of the people who attended the United Hunts races, which were held at Long Island's Piping Rock Club on the Fourth of July, came from the surrounding countryside. A few luckless residents, with nothing but a limousine or two to their names, walked to the grounds through the backwoods while their more fortunate neighbors drove there in surreys, dogcarts, or buggies. Elderly ladies carrying parasols against the blazing heat, lively infants who narrowly escaped toddling into the golf trap a few yards from the betting tent, and the late-afternoon bustle of shipping most of the entries to Delaware Park all combined to give the event an atmosphere that ranked somewhere between that of the garden party in "Mrs. Miniver" and get-away day at Empire City, when the horses go right from the unsaddling enclosure to a van.

Pete Bostwick, the youthful squire, whose home is only a few miles from the Piping Rock course, had the greatest racing day of his career. He won both hurdle events—riding Galley Boy and Arms of War, respectively—and then finished first on Halcyon Days in the Cocktail Party Stakes, a flat race for which many people leased horses, hoping to be guest of honor at the olive-and-cherry festival for the winner after the races. On several occasions in the past, Pete has won two events in an afternoon, but this was the first time he had ever won three. He was particularly happy on Saturday because it was his last chance to demonstrate his skill at that sort of thing before leaving for Fort Riley, where he hopes the cavalry may find a use for him.

Arms of War and Halcyon Days are owned by Pete's wife, and Galley Boy is the property of his brother, Lieutenant A. C. Bostwick of the Fighter Command. Although Pete ranks Arms of War as the best of the three, he thinks Galley Boy may catch up to him soon. He was quite glad that Halcyon Days had been entered in his wife's name, be-

When it comes to Rum Drinks . . .

Gentlemen prefer Brunettes!

It's Myers's—the rich, *dark* rum of Jamaica—that gives your Planters Punch, Rum Collins and summer highball *extra* zest. For wealth of flavour—

The Rum Must be

MYERS'S

"Planters' Punch" Brand
100% Fine Mellow Jamaica
97 Proof

For new free recipe booklet write—
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.
Agents In the U. S. A.
Dept. N-7, 57 Laight St., N. Y.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★

INFORMAL

Persian Room at the Plaza

ANNOUNCES

America's most popular "Star of Entertainers" will open the newly decorated Persian Room for the fall and winter season in late September.

HILDEGARDE

BOB GRANT and his Orchestra

The Persian Room will be open for luncheon during the Summer. Special luncheon $1.50. Palm Court for Afternoon Teas and Cocktails. Fifty-ninth Street Cafe open for dinner. Oak Room—ladies admitted after market closes

THE PLAZA • FIFTH AVE. AT 59th STREET

The Starlight Roof

XAVIER CUGAT

CONCHITA MARTINEZ

Cover from 10:30, $1
Friday & Saturdays, $1.50

MISCHA BORR at Luncheon
...$2 and à la carte... and for
Sunday Dinner-Dancing (No cover)

The Waldorf-Astoria

EAT, TOWN, EAT

Enjoy a gastronomical treat at New York's popular East Side restaurant. Smooth, cool rum drinks, expertly mixed and a wide choice of delicious dishes.

Luncheon 12 to 3 P.M.
Dinner with champagne cocktail $1.25
Served weekdays 5-8:30 P.M.
Sundays noon to 8:30 P.M.

alexandra

8 East 49th St., N. Y. C. Pl. 3-1542

Atlantic City

SHELBURNE HOTEL

Perfect for Summer Vacations

EUROPEAN PLAN FROM $6.50 SINGLE, $9 DOUBLE
Paul Arnswalde Mgr.

Decks Overlooking Beach & Boardwalk
SHELBURNE GRILL
Cocktail Lounge
Phone N. Y. VA. 6-2921

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cause otherwise he would have had to make a speech at the ensuing cocktail party. Pete had not been riding much lately, and at the end of the day he discovered a blister on one of his fingers. He spoke of this to several people, including Frank Slate, the professional who will ride the Bostwick mounts if Pete succeeds in getting into the Army. Slate held out his hand and remarked that he had a blister, too. Pete smiled and said, "Well, Frankie, since you've been riding right along and wound up second three times today, let's hope the stewards realize you got that blister by pulling at the start and not at the finish."

Slate, as a matter of fact, had plain bad luck. He rode R. V. N. Gambrill's Parma to second place behind Harold Talbott's Brother Jones in the two-mile brush event for the Piping Rock Cup, he was on Fatal Interview when that horse was nosed out by Ambrose Clark's Night Heron in the William Streett Memorial Cup Steeplechase, and he came in right behind Ahmisk while riding Bostwick's Bright Rebel in one of the flat races. He was trying hard each time, but the results raised blisters on some of the bettors as well as on his finger.

ALONG THE RAIL: The crowd bet $25,000 on the seven races and all profits went to Army and Navy relief organizations. . . . Admiral Lamar Leahy was on hand, wearing an anchor and two stars on his shoulders, and received a snappy salute from Edward W. Bennett, the amateur rider, wearing the black neckerchief of a gob. . . . Infantry Sergeant Jimmy Maloney, the Locust Valley trainer, reported that his application to be transferred to the cavalry had been turned down but he'd received "the next best thing." He's being shipped to the Ordnance Department at Aberdeen, Maryland, not too far from Havre de Grace. . . . Otis Trowbridge, who does the announcing at the National Horse Show, had a new line in his repertoire Saturday. "In case of an air raid," he announced over the loudspeaker, "the crowd is to retire to the woods and lie down." —T. O'R.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from Student Life, Washington University, St. Louis]

Joseph Kutten, who graduated from the Washington University School of Law in 1939, has notified his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Kutten, 463 Laurel Street,

THEY'RE SPOTTING CONVOYS NOW

The binocular known as "the world's best—by any test" has won acclaim among hunters, sportsmen and sports enthusiasts. But today it has more important work to do. In the hands of Army and Navy officers, its brilliant image, needle-sharp resolution of detail and wide field stand the nation in good stead. Bausch & Lomb production of binoculars, Ray-Ban sun glasses and many special optical instruments (now at the highest peak in our history) is devoted to filling war requirements. It will pay you to wait.

★

The Strange Case of the Invisible Evidence

Death had struck in the night. A fleck of copper on the suspect's knife was the only clue. But with this trifling bit of evidence alone, criminologists using the *spectrograph* were able to identify that fleck as having come from that specific telephone wire. The case was solved—a murderer convicted.

Less spectacular, but of more far-reaching significance, are metallurgists, who, with spectrographic equipment, develop and control the metal alloys now so vital to our war effort. In the food and chemical industries, spectrography stands guard against contamination and adulterating impurities.

Today, Bausch & Lomb optical instruments provide war industry, science and education with the precision tools of their trade.

BAUSCH & LOMB OPTICAL COMPANY

ESTABLISHED 1853

AN AMERICAN SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION PRODUCING OPTICAL GLASS AND INSTRUMENTS FOR MILITARY USE, EDUCATION, RESEARCH, INDUSTRY AND EYESIGHT CORRECTION

BE COOL THIS SUMMER at P. M.

Name your fun, and you can have it at cool, mountain-high Pocono Manor—swimming, golf, tennis, riding, archery, and many other activities, outdoors and indoors. The food's genuinely farm-fresh, and is it good! You will enjoy the friendly, informal atmosphere.

POCONO MANOR

535 Fifth Avenue Tel. VAnderbilt 6-3154

HERMAN V. YEAGER, General Manager

POCONO MANOR, PA.

Spivy's ROOF

DINNERS on the OPEN TERRACE

NOBLE & KING
Songs of Charm

ARTHUR BLAKE
Impersonations

SPIVY Sings Nightly

COCKTAILS—SUPPER

Open 4 P.M. to 4 A.M.—Closed Sun.

139 EAST 57th ST.

PL3-1518

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For glowing romance and thrilling deeds you must read

Drivin' Woman

by

ELIZABETH PICKETT CHEVALIER

Merry Moncure takes her place beside Scarlett O'Hara among memorable American heroines who, with only their beauty and bravery as weapons set out to rebuild their devastated world. The story is set in our most dramatic period, the industrial awakening between 1865 and 1910.

$2.75

MACMILLAN

TRAMP • TRAMP • TRAMP

1898 1917 1941

The Boys Are Marching Again...

For Nearly Half a Century

Allen's Foot-Ease

has been in active Service, giving Joy and Comfort to Tired, Aching, Tender, Perspiring Feet. It eases the Pinch and Pressure of New and Stiff Shoes—A perfect Gift for the Boys in Service. Mail a Package today. Sold by Drug and Department Stores everywhere. For FREE Sample and Walking Doll, address Department NY.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, LeRoy, New York

LE JARDIN DU PERROQUET

SIDEWALK CAFE

A Corner of Paris at Washington Square

Luncheon from 85c
Dinner from $1.25
Cocktails
Evening Snacks

Fifth Avenue Hotel

24 FIFTH AVE. at 9th ST.

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY, by Helen MacInnes. Like the author's earlier novel, "Above Suspicion," this is a thriller about military intelligence work among the Nazis. (Time: the summer of 1940.) An English officer, disguised as a Breton, is sent to Brittany to gather what information he can about Nazi plans for the invasion of England. He turns up all sorts of odd matters and escapes only after the usual mistreatment by the present-day masters of mistreatment. Although this story is firmly put together and written in agreeably literate English, it lacks the freshness that made "Above Suspicion" memorable. Has been serialized in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

GENERAL

THE NEW BELIEF IN THE COMMON MAN, by Carl J. Friedrich. The common man, says Professor Friedrich, meaning all of us collectively, is not infallible and doesn't need to be an expert on everything in order to decide practical policy in a democracy; policy, being concerned with the "average acts of average persons," is right up his alley. The author works out his theme with some fresh and critical ideas about European statism, majority rule and dissent, the future world citizen, and so on. The book seems to need a bit more qualifying here and there, but on the whole it is a valuable clarification of democratic theory. Simply handled.

CITY LAWYER, by Arthur Garfield Hays. The author speaks of this as the autobiography of a law practice rather than the autobiography of a man. Actually, it's a good, big helping of both. Mr. Hays' adventures run all the way from a cheerful family life up in Rochester in the eighteen-eighties, through corporation law, to the Wendel will case and the Reichstag fire trial. Brisk, witty, heterogeneous, but, even so, it seems to be written in the standard style for lawyers' memoirs. Photographs.

THE LONG SHIPS PASSING, by Walter Havighurst. A popular history of the Great Lakes, including tales of the Jesuit explorers, lumber fleets, forest fires, the rush for copper and iron, the Mormon king of Lake Michigan, and the evolution of the inland vessels from ten-ton sloops to the present ore boats. Neatly and colorfully told. Illustrated by John O'Hara Cosgrave II.

JAPAN RIDES THE TIGER, by Willard Price. Twenty chapters from the author's "Children of the Rising Sun," apparently somewhat hastily revised, plus ten new chapters, the whole giving us a readable, wide-ranging, intimate account of Japan's psychology at home and the almost literally worldwide expansion she hopes to carry out by both conquest and penetration. The material seems dated here and there. Much of it has appeared in one magazine or another. Photographs.

MIRACLE ON THE CONGO, by Ben Lucien Burman. This is the first report about the Free French forces in Equatorial Africa and Syria. Despite some padding and romantics, it is a stirring job of sympathetic reporting. The main lesson Mr. Burman drives home is that Pétain was a traitor before the war began and is one now.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE BODY IN THE BARRAGE BALLOON, by Colin Curzon. The commander of a barrage-balloon squadron at Irpenshaw, England, is murdered, and his body is found stuffed into a balloon. Mark Antony Lennox, an officer in the R.A.F., uncovers a nest of spies and recovers some stolen plans and the murderer. Light and terribly funny.

NO COFFIN FOR THE CORPSE, by Clayton Rawson. A corpse that won't stay buried, a ghost, and two murders on Long Island have the Great Merlini, New York magician, hanging on the ropes when he tries to unravel the problem. With the aid of Ross Harte, a reporter, and some sleight of hand by Merlini, the mystery is solved. Complex plot, neatly worked out at the end.

FAMOUS OLD NEW ENGLAND MURDERS, by Richard Dempewolff. The murder on the island of Smutty Nose and the case of Professor Webster of Harvard are the only two well-known stories in this fine collection. The rest of the eight will be new to most readers.

•

DOWNTOWN—2 rms. and kit., semi-bath, 4 or 5 girls, Frigid. Available May 26. ME. 2358.—*Adv. in the Washington Times-Herald.*

Ha, you don't know *us*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This **POSTER** is one of a **SET** of **TEN**

OTHER ARTISTS

Holmgren
Dohonos
Steig
Beall
Falter
Treidler
Scott
Soglow

Help Place This Message in Every Home and Factory

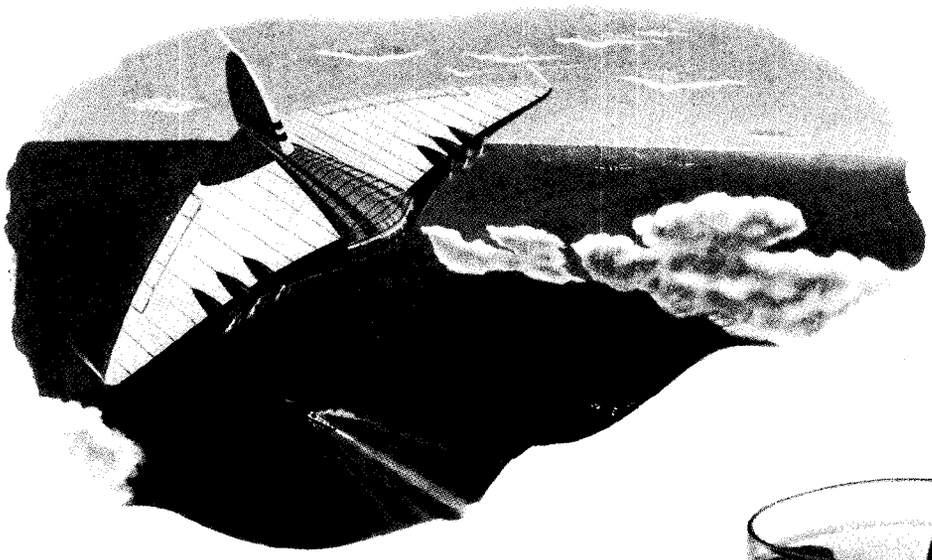
These posters are being distributed in the interest of National Defense and as a means of obtaining funds for ambulances. Sets may be obtained by sending your name and address and $1.00 (additional 10¢ postage). Prices for larger quantities may be had on request. Poster size 14 x 20.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN AMBULANCE CORPS, INC., 420 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C.

(Space for this advertisement contributed by a friend.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Men Who Think of Tomorrow Appreciate Seagram's Foresight!



1934
IMPORTED
BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
DISTILLED, AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SEVEN YEARS OLD
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LTD.
WATERLOO · ONTARIO · CANADA DISTILLERS SINCE 1857
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST!
For the World's lightest Highball!

The superplane of the future—shooting through the stratosphere at a thousand miles per hour. You'll breakfast in New York and lunch in London . . . or jump from Boston to Borneo between dawn and dark. And all because there are men today who think and plan for *Tomorrow*.

* * *

IN THIS distinguished bottle of glorious Seagram's V.O. are rare whiskies laid away years ago—when the League of Nations was still trying to maintain peace . . . when the Clippers began flying the Pacific . . . even before "Gone With the Wind" appeared. Carefully blended, these treasured whiskies have been mellowing for *Tomorrow*. Seagram constantly lays away fine whiskies—so that in the years to come Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN will be as gracious, smooth and LIGHT as it is today!

Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Seven years old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED